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VOLUME EIGHTEEN NUMBER THREE

ROGUE

JAN. 1975

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(All photos posed by professional models.)

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SNATCHES

Buxom Marcia Feldbaum (not her real name—her mother's hysterical as it is) made New England history by thrusting her entire naked self past the Modern Languages Library at a prestige-sodden 7 Sisters college. As it is located cheek by jowl to a university full of mostly horny young gentlemen, she was followed by an unruly mob trying to figure out what she was up to. All this was videotaped by a film student hoping for an orgy, but no. Ms. Feldbaum, appearing on the Channel 5 news where he sold the tape, said that streaking was a political act of courage and rare integrity and that she saw herself as, basically, a freedom fighter who had to use whatever tools were available to gain media access which in her case was a stunning pair of natural knockers measuring 37½" across the nips which if anyone doubted, he could call TE7-178. . . . but it was here the announcer interrupted sharply and a flying wedge from the Student Government whisked her offstage. She promises even bigger and better things for the spring semester, however.

Why "Playgirl?" Lowdown lady reporter Diana Clapton, famous for her in-depth and highly embarrassing interviews of public figures, has found herself persona non grata in the watering places of the high & mighty. Even smut stars quail at her relentless, intimate probing about their personal lives—so she's turned back to the masses to keep her torrid typewriter in business. She's preparing an article on why women really read those cocky new lib-lady mags like *Playgirl* and *Viva* and what they think about all that blatant beefcake within. "Of course I haven't found anyone *half* as liberated as me!" she confesses to Rubdown, her confidant toy spane il, who accompanies her on every assignment no matter how far-flung. A girl never knows what's waiting at the end of the busline.

She notes that many women readers take delight in viewing these men as mere sex objects and in exchanging locker-room remarks about measurements and other cheap thrills previously held the province of male chauvinist swine. She herself will not indulge in any sill feminine byplay of the sort. "As a reporter, I depend upon syllogistic logic and an astounding range of erudition to win over my subjects, not to mention editors, publishers and other intellectual types. They're also impressed by my good taste, like buying all my undies from Frederick's of Hollywood."

Oh, Calcutta's Raina Barrett may be the smash/success story of domestic disenchantment for the 70's. Just a while ago she was a hopelessly uptight hausfrau and school marm who had never slept with anyone but her husband. She had tried to fulfill the "ideal woman's role" through nine years of marriage but she had these hot dreams of becoming an actress. She left her husband and kiddies to swing amongst the sexual vulgarians of Greenwich Village—and at age 31 yet, when most of us had been practicing it for a good decade before her. In the midst of these sticky social exchanges she found time to become a legit actress and cavort about nude in Oh, Calcutta!, the review that blew Broadway's collective critical mind.

Her story is a fascinating tale of personal growth and rampant hedonism as she learns the big kicks in massive self-indulgence, which is probably what the sexual revolution is all about. Her experiences living with one of the true sexual madmen of our era, the permanently lecherous Ricardo, and his wife and assorted girlfriends read like one long well-

Linda Lovelace and talented David Davidson, her co-star in the all-time sex stinkbomb, "Deep Throat Two." Flick had bad jokes, wretched editing and worse, no smut. Dave was a joovy on Bway in *Sound of Music*. It doesn't look like this R- (for "rip-off") rated palmjob will rate as one of his favorite things.

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It all takes place in the tub as the housewife and the plumber have a sleek, slippery wet bathroom orgy!

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She loves the way his exploring mouth feels—and loves the way he spreads her wide and gives her all he's got!

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He uses his foot and toes to tease her in that special place. It drives her crazy with a wild, wet need for deep down inside action!

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Watch her play with him with her rabidly sucking mouth until he's shuddering with excitement and ready to take over!

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The girls are playing with their vibrators—and each other! When this stud appears, they use their vibrator on him too, and the action really gets underway!

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rogues gallery

SNATCHES

bred blue film, and she spares no tender details. It goes without saying that everyone in the book is so flagrantly exhibitionistic bodytripper one could ever hope for, but at least they never bore. Nor do the fine gang of show-biz hysteroids on- and backstage, whose egos and fantasies are in a permanent competitive wrangle. Broadway is now rife with intimate nudie reviews but "Oh, Calcutta!" was the first, the "Deep Throat" of its genre, and Ms. Barrett, wise to its historical significance, leaves out not a phrase of backstage gossip or erotic ego-games. Having confessed all, she is now running loose around the countryside promoting the book, but full clothed.

Vegas Vengeance: Casinoville goes prude. Nevada's Big Strip is infamous for air-conditioned highrise hookers and wide-open pleasure palaces to entice the high roller, but the city fathers have decided to cool all this out. They have moved to set a "morality standard" for this escapist's paradise, and have started by terming "obscene" a number of films and magazines personally scrutinized by local commissioners. They say this fulfills the requirements of the Supreme Court in determining the "standards of the community."

Court action was undertaken against the offenders, and if the convictions hold up, City Attorney Carl Lovell plans to get after every other "hard-core" center in the city. The first victims are two XX'ers called "Orgy of the Dollys" and "Kidnapped" that probably not too many serious film students will miss ... but they later impounded for personal viewing the legendary "Devil in Miss Jones" and the repulsive farmyard frolic, "Animal Lover," which did a Vegas-type fifty grand a week in New York. So they mean it, the little rascals.

They are even nervy enough to tamper with the extremely lucrative cocaine dealerships which have flourished amidst the slot machines since big spending was invented. The coke connections is one of the most prized of all Vegas subspecies and you can get Bolovian rock or pharmaceutical flake delivered to your room in extreme cases, which of course are conditioned by craving. Cocaine is the A-1 social lubricant in certain fast circles and would be even in more languourous ones if the stuff weren't at least a C-note a gram. Well anyway the District Attorney's office arrested of all people Linda Lovelace, together with film producer Davey Winters for possession of some of the choice stuff and also some amphetamine, which they found in their hotel suite. This is like arresting conventioners for possession of hooch and party hats, but they wanted to Set An Example because Lady Linda was the girl who made That Film, which would soon be as illicit as the coke itself.

Vagina University? Weird protest finds Ms. Nancy R. (see pic) a dissatisfied sophomore at smirk-provoking Beaver College in bucolic Pennsylvania, joining her sisters in strong opposition to the institution's name. Disregarding the very real presence of the aquatic tree-chomper (castor rodenta) in the Pennsylvania woods, the girls maintain that the term is an insult to their feminity and a real block to serious learning, not to mention blind dates. If one of them should have the misfortune of bearing both buck teeth and a tendency towards promiscuity, the jokes that follow in her wake would credit a whole summer season on the Borscht belt.

Unfortunately the Board of Trustees, a group of somnolent octogenarians given to damming up any progressive waves on campus, are set hard against change. They feel that women should tend the fires and oil the buckboard wheels and leave reform for the Roosevelts, if they ever come back into office. The hotblooded feminists on campus will have none of this sexist swill, of course, and many are transferring to more conventionally named institutions. Those who are forced to stick it out by alumnae parents have taken to calling it by its French pronunciation ("Le Castor" college) or even "La Beevaire" which if you say it fast sounds like somewhere else entirely, especially to a drunken freshman at a Penn State mixer towards the end of the evening.

Chorus cutie Charlene Bozeman gulps for oxygen after blacking out during publicity stunt for her club, Alfie's After-Hours. She and 26 co-workers stuffed themselves into VW to advertise "action-packed show"; clearly, she got in first.

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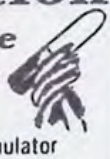

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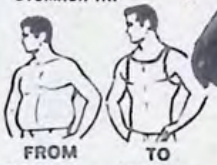

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By LEO FIORI

"Mario!" The old man's raspy voice twangs with the old country accent. Mario jumps to attention at the sound of his name. He nods politely to the obese, wrinkled, balding man who is slouched in an easy chair across the room.

The old one looks barely alive. His eyes are half-closed and he appears on the verge of keeling over. A terrycloth robe is draped loosely on his bones and it parts enough to reveal tangled swirls of grey chesthair, creating a zooish, simian image.

It is hard for Mario to believe that the sex-starved pig in the chair is a legend in the Brotherhood of crime. That living, barely-breathing, stuffed sausage is Don Guglio. That limp mound of lard is the famous and respected Don Guglio. The same man who fifteen years ago killed two policemen in a gun battle and escaped punishment. The great Don Guglio now looks like a horny old chimpanzee praying for a hard-on.

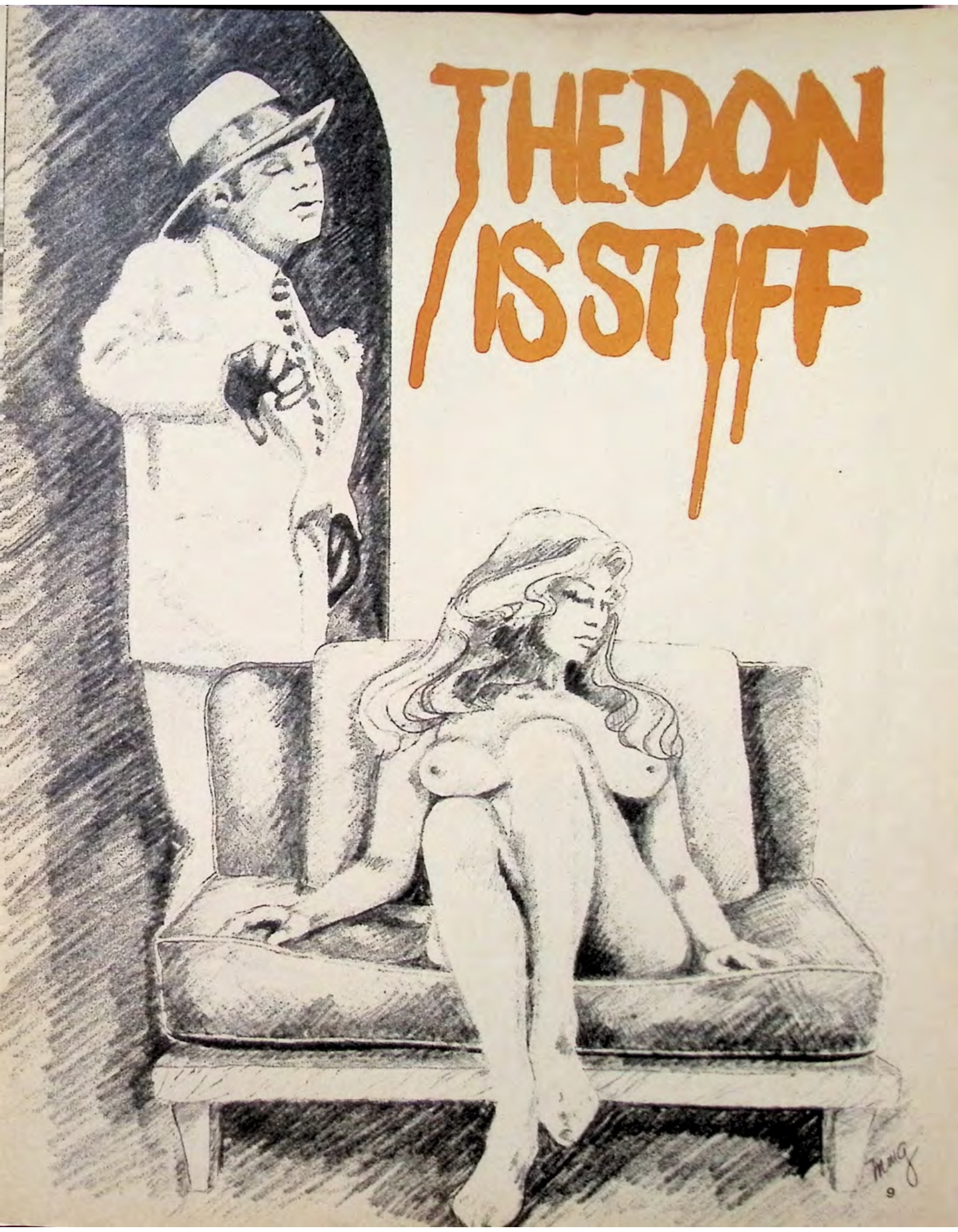
Mario grits his teeth, loathing, as the Don lifts an over-full glass to those blubbery fishlips with one hand while using his free hand to stroke the lifeless pasta dangling uselessly between his legs.

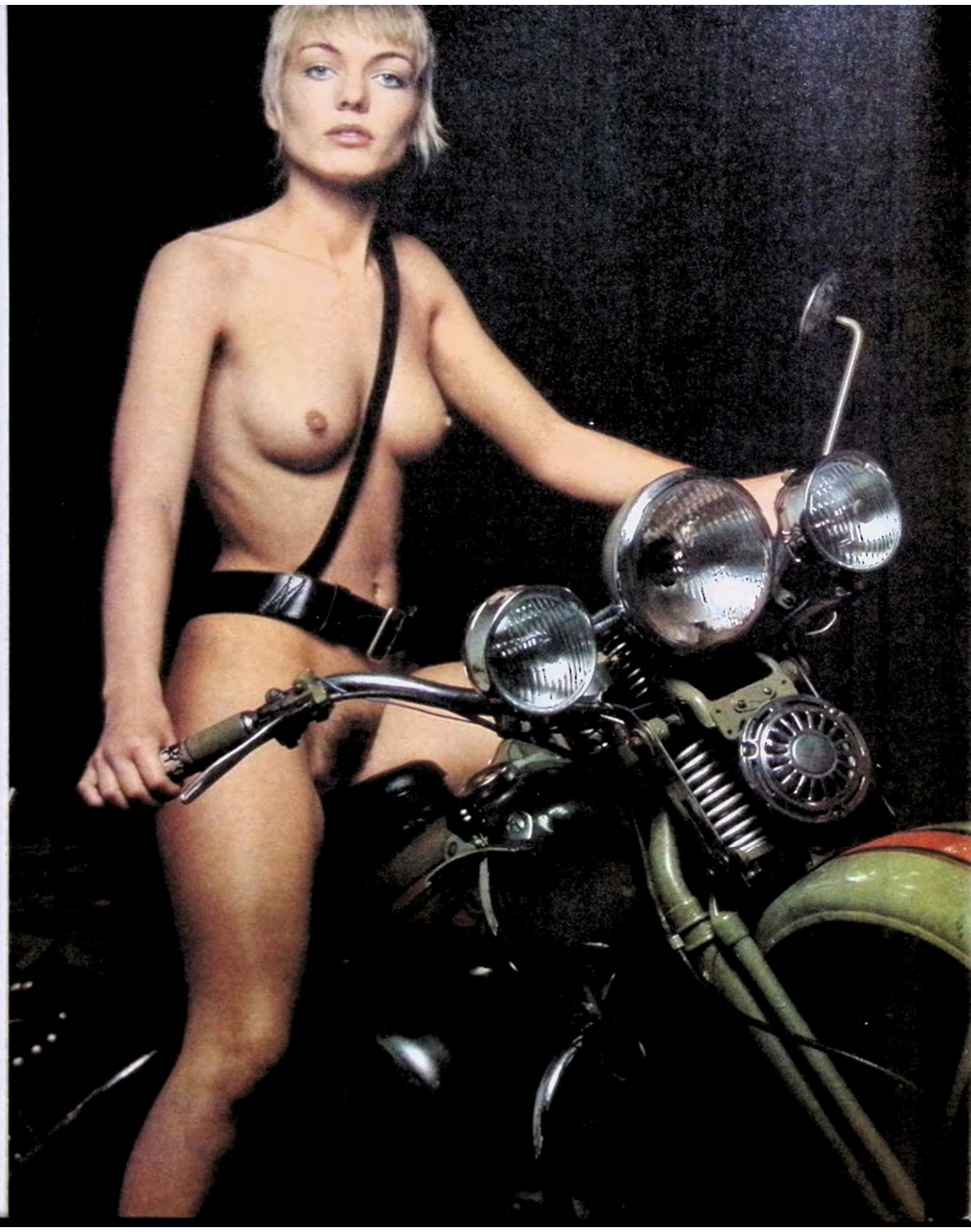
* * *

"The great Don . . . the Godfather . . . He's nothing but a hand job!" thought Mario as he pasted the ingratiating smile across his face. The young paisan couldn't understand why a smart fellow like himself was relegated to menial, flunky jobs. After all, wasn't he the old one's "No. 1" lieutenant?

Mario was young and handsome. He had a college degree. He had made his "bones" by disposing of an over-eager labor reformer. Now he yearned for the Don's power. He knew he could do a better job than *(Continued on page 45)*

THE DON IS STIFF





DOMINEERING DAMZEL

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Her real name doesn't matter. Her professional name is Domina, pronounced Dough-MEAN-a.

And she can be mean. Her joy and her passion is to dominate men, to embarrass them, to humiliate them. Her excellent livelihood depends on her extraordinary ability to stomp the male ego flat.

She knows just how to do it without going so far as to drive her well-heeled clients away. She's had plenty of practice on some of the wealthiest and most respectable men—doctors, lawyers, politicians. In fact, some of her clients are so well known that there would be extreme embarrassment in high places if the names in her little black book were ever revealed.

But Domina keeps her secrets, and her clients trust her. They know they are safe so long as they "behave" and pay the hundreds, even thousands of dollars this bulky bitch demands for her so-called "disciplinary treatments."

In the following interview, Domina reveals her secrets—the knowledge that has allowed her to make a fortune at psycho-sexual games, without the advantages of a trim body or a lovely face.

Q: Domina, you have been known as a "Queen of S-M." Could you explain what that means?

Domina: Yes. S-M are the initials for sado-masochism. Some call it "discipline" or "dominance."

Q: When you mention these words, I get extremely unpleasant visions of whips, belts, chains, and torture racks.

Domina: (laughs) You're supposed to. But really, you see it's all a mind game—a fantasy trip.

Q: You mean you don't actually act out these things, you don't hurt people?

Domina: Of course not. I'm much too nice a person to hurt someone, to sear their flesh, to rip their hair, to whip their backs . . .

Q: I get the picture. But what is it, then, that you actually do?

Domina: I give them an experience in fear and humiliation. Blood and physical pains aren't really necessary, you see. There are other ways to make a man squirm.

Q: Such as?

Domina: Well, the thing is to make them feel small, like bad little boys who are being punished.

Q: How do you do that?

Domina: Oh, different ways. Like, the other day I had a client—a very well-known lawyer, by the way. When he came in, I said, "What do you want?" He said, "I have been bad, Mistress. I have been very bad." I said, "How have you been bad?" And he said, "I was supposed to be working on an important case yesterday, but I was so horny I went to the dirty movies all afternoon and played with myself."

"Oh?" I said. "You HAVE been a bad boy and you should be punished. You SHALL be punished." I took a wicked-looking riding crop and tapped it against my open hand and glared at him as if I wanted to kill him. They love that—the anticipation of what I'm going to do.

Q: I thought you said you don't do things like hit people with riding crops.

Domina: I don't, I don't. It's all part of the act. I stand there staring at them with hate and blood in my eye, tapping, tapping with the riding crop—and they cream! They love the anticipation of what I *might* do. Then they conjure up their own horrible scenes in their own funny little minds, and I get paid for their creativity.

Q: Very good. But what about *your* creativity?

Domina: Well, like, with this lawyer. I told him to get down on his hands and knees and I put this dog dollar around his neck. I had it made up special—it's got different colored rhinestones set in it. Then I said, "You're nothing but a dirty dog, you're *my* dog, understand?" And he said, in a very pathetic way, "Yes, Mistress." "What *are* you?" I yelled at him. He whined, "I'm a dog, I'm your dog."

See? There's no violence, no bloodshed. It's all theater. I'm an actress, that's really what I am. Then I clipped this leash to the dog collar and I walked him up and down the room a few times.

Q: And your client found this sexually stimulating?

Domina: Are you kidding? It's the only way he can get off! After a few trips around the room on the leash his dork was like a rock.

Q: What did you do next?

Domina: I made him lick my shoes. I have these long pointy black ones he likes, with needle-sharp high heels.

(Continued on page 59)

By Jon Steinbach

Scandal galore! Topless Stars! White-Hot Love!

HOLLYWOOD'S HUSH-HUSH VERSION OF DEVIL AND MISS JONES

FRANK ROSS and NORMAN KRASNA
PRESENT

Jean ARTHUR
in THE DEVIL AND MISS JONES

ROBERT
CUMMINGS
CHARLES
COBURN
EDMUND GWENN
SPRING BYINGTON
S. Z. SAKALL
WM. DEMAREST

Now that the "Devil in Miss Jones" is well on its way to being one of the biggest movie hits in recent years, some shoddy Hollywood characters have been scheming to capitalize on its fame by reviving a long-forgotten 1940's movie. The film, "The Devil And Miss Jones," a routine comedy, stars Charlie Coburn and Spring Byington, two of Tinseltown's late great geriactors, and the now-mature stars, Bob Cummings and Jean Arthur. The film, which none of the ROGUE staff has ever seen, was probably scandalous in its day, but will be a bitter disappointment to anyone expecting to see Georgina Spelvin make love to a snake. In an effort to bring the film up-to-date, ROGUE has added some impromptu scenarios for some of its most "debauched" moments.

At a gay beach near Bangor, Maine, Cummings (as Bruce Faust) discovers that his lover, Denholm Devil, (Coburn) has been having an affair with Jean Arthur (Miss Jones), previously the well-paid companion of Mrs. Devil (Byington).

Mr. Devil displays facial violence when crony makes wise crack to the fact that ex-lesbian Miss Jones "never learned how to give good head."

Denholm and crony get Miss Jones' rocks off (note pleasurable grimace on her face) in ingenious rack-like device shaped like an office desk. In background, Bruce titillates his Nazi ex-lover with variation on Siamese thumb torture.

Cummings, Arthur, Coburn react patriotically when Mrs. Devil reveals that she has just slept with the entire 69th regiment and passed them a virulent case of the clap. They had shipped out to France only hours before.

Miss Jones, captured in candid moment during shooting, tested contemporary mores and dress codes with this revealing and skimpy outfit.

rogues gallery

SNATCHES

A Short Biography of My Sn*tch, by Rhonda Sibley. Pub. by Harrow Brothers Press, L.A., $3.95. At last some dumb clit has gone and done it. Told all. This women's liberation book is, to say the least, bigoted, biased and sophomoric. Miss Sibley sees men only as peckers to be used for a quick roll in the hay and then discarded. This corner found her to be lewd, immoral and forward to a fault. Her trouble is that she never had a whole, honest-to-goodness guy lay some bone on her. A good roll in the hay would have knocked this whole confessional crap right out of her forever. But no. Apparently Ms. Dipley's boyfriends were goofy-eyed, bleeding hearts who let her have her way. Consider this typically disgusting passage: Martin couldn't bang his way out of a bag made of Kleenex, but at least he had a tongue in his head. So, from Friday night to Monday morning, he did nothing but service my love-starved sex-button with his glorious mouth. He stopped only to take food in the form of glucose pills. Martin was lousy at it—but, in this case, quantity made up for quality." The author of this review wouldn't mind giving the writer's mouth a weekend's worth of wangmanship. Maybe it would shut her up! BILL FRESCANTE

The Clap Squad, by "Abigail Simmons, R.N.". Pub. by New Vices Press, N.Y. $2.95. This is a riotous sexy parody of a gang of three Mod Squad Marcus Welbys (you guessed it, one's white, one's black and one's a chick). The best thing about it is the cover which, not coincidentally, portrays the novel's most humorous episode. In this section, undercover health detective Abby Simmons gains entry to a hippy health clinic by pretending she's a nurse. Her first patient is the hippy revolutionary leader, Rennie St. Jude, who fears he has caught the clap from a toilet seat named Sandra Berkowitz. Abby removes Rennie's jeans to investigage, and is so taken by the girth of his gork that she's instantaneously compelled to give him some of the best head ever written. Unfortunately, Abby is the only fully sculpted characterization in the book. Her cohorts, Mwabe Carson (he's the black) and Dave Ferguson (he's the real man) appear to be only distinguished by the fantastic lengths of their joints (Mwabe goes 18", Dave is 3½"). And

frankly, the scene with Dave and the pimply, though sexy, schoolyard VD peddler (Chico Sanguino) is too unbelievable to repeat. We suggest you read this book on your own .... and in private! BILL FRESCANTE

What The Great and Near-Great Think About Head, by Oscar Pelbourne. Simmons & Switzer, Boston. $10. The reviewer had just emerged from Rhonda Sibley's book when we received this beauty in the mail. German journalist Pelbourne researched this book for two years and spoke to hundreds of acquaintances of famous people to compile this date. Did you know, for instance, that Queen Elizabeth categorically refuses to service Prince Phillip from a kneeling position? Or that Raquel Welch is a swallower rather than a spitter? Or that Eydie Gorme never did it until she was 35 ... but hasn't stopped since? Consider, also, this shocking quote from Mary Tyler Moore, "Fitting *both* nuts into my

mouth is the most fulfilling act I can think of as a woman." Dozens of unlikely mouths and throats, Maureen Dean's to Golda Meir's, from Tuesday Weld's to Billie Jean King's are investigated in the most glaringly intimate detail. It is only at the end of the book, when archprick Pelbourne reveals that he probably made up the whole thing, that the folly of purchasing this volume can be fully appreciated. BILL FRESCANTE.

sleazy listening

SNATCHES

BANGING IN BANGOR

It's getting more and more difficult to be wild and way-out in the rock biz, with dignified ladies like Grace Slick throwing up their skirts and Joni Mitchell posing bareass for some sea otters. Gayle started out as one more antsy little groupie balling for an assistant roadie in the Cornhole Catatonics and was of course distressed when the group broke up just as she was figuring out how to wedge her way onto their album cover. Then she played tambourine for Platypus 'til they got busted for coke (bottles . . . they tried to take a whole machine full back for the deposit) (while still in the machine). Then she hung around with the Nutsy Squirrels 'til they started doing gigs in retirement villages but THEN after studying the field and assessing her own talents she put out her VERY OWN ALBUM on Squank Sutra label and it is dyyyynamite! A while back, Ms. Gasshe ingeniously recorded her own body sounds, mixed and juxtaposed them for erotic orchestration, added a few loving others. Disk jockeys play it late at night and hold identification contests. But everyone agrees that no matter what the hell she is doing, she has rhythm.

MARIA MULDAUR

Maria Muldaur is an ex folklette who shone during the great jug band craze and has now released a fine album of her own. She has a curious history of playing with all popular musical forms . . . all the way back in high school she was trying to launch a group called the Cashmeres, who ran around in matching tacky outfits . . . and her album is a wondrous candy-box of pop, rock, jazz, country and Dixieland, old and new. This blies her lifelong passion for folk forms; she once lurked around North Carolina learning fiddle from Doc Watson's father-in-law, garnering credentials that would cut a wide swath in any liberal Big Apple songfest. With her husband Geoff she was a member and "reigning sex symbol" as she says of the Jim Kweskin Jug Band and lived in both Cambridge and Woodstock. However folk has not suffered another revival and so Warner Brothers have taken her heaving bosom and passionate tremolo and fit them in wherever they applied. Her album is superb, tasteful, warm and sexy which is a tribute to the engineers and whoever chose the material as her concerts and personal appearances to plug the record have been disastrous, flat and sophomoric and cosmic blahhh. She has a wide ranging vocal talent and can be very moving in that pure way Jean Ritchie has, but when she tries soul, being low-down and putupon, it is to laugh, like an 8-year-old wearing Mommy's high heels. If she would stick to her mountain roots she would bloom like spring laurel. Her album is the happy introduction of a new culture bud upon the scene, anyway.

CLAUDIA LINNEAR

The picture says it all, or almost. Claudia Linnear is to rock as Mme. Pompadour and Mme. DuBarry to French literature, prime mover, divine inspiration and gentle emollient. Her physical presence is so unsettling that she has wrenched empassioned lyrics from the loins (for so they come) of both Mick Jagger and Leon Russell and who knows what other secret admirers, not one of which has matched the immortal "Brown sugar, how come you taste so good?" for the explicit tightening up for which the Stones are them. Not that she ever was a groupie, for she appeared early on the musical scene as "talented comer," being on tour with Ike & Tina Turner as an Ikette. That was when she met Mick, that Altamont focal point whose baby satanism paled against the bloody pool cues just beyond the lights. Claudia was another kind of victim, aced out for being too choice a sweetmeat to Tina's older and more strident public invitations. She took her dusky splendours and beneficent harmonies to Leon Russell and Joe Cocker's "Mad Dogs & Englishmen" tour, album and movie. The monomania, hysteria, breakdowns and general frenzy, however fecund, that emerged from that anarchy carried with them the beginnings of the Claudia cult. One could not be certain of the singing but you sure knew she was shaking and keeping time to the real talent. Now this sexbomb funklet to the famous has put out her own album. One side is to rock on and the other to roll around expressing affection. The best part is the cover, which must be stared at intently before framing and which excuses the little failings of her vocal efforts. Her backup musicians are very good. Maybe it takes luscious animals like Linnear a while to develop good-sounding soul.

movies to make-it by SNATCHES

THEY DONE IT WRONG

This is an empassioned documentary detailing the vicissitudes of a dozen married couples who get sucked into Dr. Gonzo's Sexual Therapy Clinic, to try and make things go better. Fleeing the fuzz in 14 states, Dr. Gonzo opens up just outside Dayton with his assistant, Peaches, who looks a lot like Linda Lovelace's cousin. He finds his bank account swamped by dissatisfied wives eager to try his kinky methods to turn up old flames. The couple here, the Salimos, find themselves deep in sadie-mae routines involving curious arrangements of nylon rope, leather straps and shackles. Once the bruises healed, they were so happy at finding new paths of communication that they just signed over their salary checks to him every Friday. Dr. Gonzo claimed a 100% cure rate but mostly . . . as the documentarian reveals . . . by uniting the couple against his monstrous methods. "So, at least they're together!" she shrugs in the end, when the fuzz refuse to accept his high school equivalency diploma as a graduate degree in psychiatric medicine. Avoid.

NOT JUST ANOTHER WOMAN

This luscious bon-bon is the most ambitious and costly blue film ever made, and stars Don Allen as a playboy husband who lusts shamelessly after his wife's sister (Tina Russell- who is unfortunately a nun. His thoroughly modern missus plies him with other young nubiles like French fille de joie Any Mathieu but he's still aflame for Sister Conception, rosary beads and all. Many orgies and yacht parties later he finds his soul dominated by fantasies of possession (as here) and, knowing things will never change, hurtles his blood red Mercedes off the nearest cliff. He dies, she stays pure and his wife goes out to buy one more dynamite negligee for the next swap 'n suck. So much for moral lessons. This film's full of beautiful people doing appealing things in lush locales.

GAYLE GASSHE

This yummy piece of cinematic sleaze is based on the raunchy underground cookbook "Sensuous Succulence: From Redi-Whip to Red Snapper Ragout" put out by members of the Hog Trough commune in lower Mendocino. Gulping gourmets the width and breadth of the subculture will get off on the secret ingredients in every recipe, viz. the human juices. In this scene, Laura Mae ("Mountain Mom") Treffers samples her notorious Sauce Bernaise, which has been poured lukewarm over the best meat available, that of her boyfriend Ralph. This was followed by a dessert of banana split (use your imagination) which led to a free-for-all food fight amongst the cast. The ensuing orgy was so messy that a brace of St. Bernards with shamelessly long tongues were employed to clean up. The whole was photographed through smeary lenses and there's a lot of barking and slurping but it's a real turn-on, especially on an empty stomach. Critics ranged from "Blecchhh!" (John Simon) to "Made me gag!" (Judith Crist) to "Maybe a little more clam juice in the broth" (J. Child).

the post office game

SNATCHES

(Please send all letters, questions, exhortations, gripes, fantasies and erotic correspondence to:
ROGUE Snatches
Captain Publications
95 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10016

THE PORNO CHASE

Sir:

My brother-in-law and I both read about Flesh Gordon (ROGUE, Feb.) and have been trying to see the movie for the past two months. We've looked in every city within 500 miles including New York and Chicago.

No luck. Nothing. Nobody has even heard of the thing! Were you putting us on, or is there really a movie called Flesh Gorden, or what? So far I have run into only two other people who have even vaguely remembered hearing about it, and when questioned it turns out they got their information from ROGUE too.

Please let me know what the story is. I have been a subscriber for over 10 years.

Sincerely,
H.P.B.
Cincinatti. O.

(Dear H.P.: Sorry about the confusion. Yes, there is a movie called Flesh Gorden. No, we were not putting you on. Unfortunately, the producers, Bill Osco and Howard Ziehm are having a few difficulties trying to distribute the film.

All we can say is: be patient. It will show sooner or later somewhere in your area.

And it should be worth waiting for.

The preview version that we saw was the flashiest, most action-packed erotic romp since The Daughter of Fanny Hill. *And the women in it were dynamite.*

If you only see one picture this years, Flesh *should be the one.*

See below.)

DRESSES MAKE THE MAN

Sir:

Sir:

This is to the college sophomore that let all his hangups hang out with that article on Michael Salem's TV boutique (ROGUE, March). I buy a lot there when I'm in town and get a real rush from his cover cosmetics, baby dolls and high-heel pumps, which he sees as "Lili St. Cyr-inspired floozie wear." What does he want, that the whole world lies around in crummy jeans and Grateful Dead T-shirts?

Fire that style editor!

James Taylor
San Diego, Calif.

Sir:

Having gotten a number of kicks over the years by "cross-dressing" I'd like to clear up the "Uncle Miltie" image your article offers for the stereotype TV. We are *not* basing our style of dress on old burlesque comics and Borscht-circuit barbarians, thanks. Shops like Michael Salem's offer a variety of sophisticated women's wear for male frames, and should be encouraged, not made into cheap dirty jokes. Let your writer get his kicks by some other route than lame condescension.

Sincerely,
H.S.I., 77
New Haven

(Dear Friends: Unfortunately a transvestite boutique is one subject where the prejudices of the reviewer would count heavily in any anaylsis. Aside from rampaging cutesiness and an obvious lack of familiarity with the genre we though out writer, Lash LaBonza, provided a solidly factual article.)

RUNAWAY RAUNCHLET

Sirs:

Dynamite! I don't know how you guys did it, but you found my long-lost highschool sweetheart, Maryjo Carper, to model for your "Elizabeth McAuley" story (ROGUE, May). Last I knew, she'd split for the bright lights of downtown Burbank, and my heart's been broken ever since. Send me her address and phone number right away, and while you're at it, whatever extra snapshots you have lying around the files. Do a buddy a favor, and you'll be advancing the cause of true love at the same time!

Love ya,
L.F., San Raphael

(Dear L.F.: We give you an A for ingenuity, anyway. Every month dozens of guys write in for the real names and extra pictures of the girls in ROGUE with the best explanations—"I want to hire her as a maid", "I think she's my sister" etc. All these girls are professional models and not rent or even loan—all we do buy their photos.)

RUBBER BULLETS

Sir:

As a condom fan for more than 20 years, I'm really glad to see a resurgence of this handy little friend. For a long time it seemed like the rubber was going the way of the corset and the mustache cup. In your Snatches column in the May issue of ROGUE, you ran a Swedish ad which will appear in newspapers and magazines throughout that country.

When is the United States going to wise up and do the same? I'm tired of buying them in whispers like they were something illegal.

Joseph Putignano,
NYC

Introducing a batch of alluring young Jayhawkers who prove that not all Kansans are Plains Janes . . .

The Whiz Kids From Kansas

TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK MURPHY

KANSAS. It prompts immediate visions of a hot and dusty prairie-land. Windswept. Dodge City and Marshall Dillon plus crusty retinue—Kitty, Doc, Festus. KANSAS. Flat-as-a-pool-table terrain, mostly notable for its wheat-producing ability and its knack for growing a Bible-pounding citizenry that masses at the polls on election day and soundly kills "liquor-by-the-drink" and all other "sinful" propositions.

KANSAS. White, moral light of the Midwest. "Good, hard, decent, God-fearing stock," is a description that many older Kansans use to depict their neighbors . . . and it's a fair and honest evaluation. The "Jayhawk

WICHITA. Carla Lee Daphne Brent (opposite page). She's 21, a go-go dancer, and typical of the sunny, chesty blonde beauties of the area.

TOPEKA. From Kansas' state capital (and the second stop on Wild Westdom's legendary rail line) comes Peggy Darlene, left, all of 20, and a farm management student at the U. Her photo was submitted by a Topeka ad game art director.

The Whiz Kids From Kansas

State" is, after all, in the heart of America's Bible Belt and there is a church of somebody's religious preference on almost every corner of every hamlet, town and city. Nothing wrong with that.

Except . . . that if you live outside of Kansas, you may get the wrong impression that we who reside here spend all of our waking hours singing hymns, shouting hosannas, quoting the gospel and extinguishing sin.

And since *sin* is often equated with *skin*, you may be misled into believing that Kansas are not responsive to beautiful womanhood. This isn't true at all. Not only are most "Jayhawkers" extremely sensitive to female beauty, but they

CIMARRON. From this cowboy burg, a shoot-em-up neighbor to Dodge, hails voluptuous Rose Lenore Cullen, 19 (top). R.L. works in a dude ranch in the shadow of Boot Hill and modeled, for a Japanese tourist who stayed at her hostelry on a tour of Badman country. (He was armed, of course, with the traditional Stetson hat and Yashica!)

EMPORIA. Pert, playful, mod—in short, a new breed of Jayhawk, Denise Mary O'Callahan hails from Leavenworth (where her folks toiled, like the rest of their neighbors) at the U.S. slammer. At 22, she's fitfully pursuing her M.A. at Emporia's State Teachers campus. Her fotog says she pays her tuition by, ahem, "modeling."

The Whiz Kids From Kansas

spend an inordinate amount of time raising some luscious-looking girls.

I'm often asked (by people who live outside the state of Kansas) why I am pursuing glamour photography in a region that is historically bashful, geographically blah, and culturally boring. The answer is simple: I was born and raised in Kansas . . . and although I'm certain I suffered certain disadvantages from this, my upbringing also had a few things going for it. For one, I have *always* been aware of the number of beautiful girls in the state—a condition that many of you are just now learning from the reading of this. Like Willie Sutton's oft-quoted rejoinder when asked why he robbed banks—"Because that's where the money is!"—Kansas long

(Continued on page 62)

DANA. Locals say they're only a third Kansas (being right on the Colo.-Okla. juncture). "Little D, only twenty miles out of Elkhart," is where Leila Red Fox, 28 (right), a full-blooded Cheyenne, alit from Liberal, some 50 miles east, to toil as a barmaid en route to a dancing career in Vegas. Photo courtesy K.C. news fotog, Curt Murray. RED YUCCA GAP. A flyspeck on the map, roughly equidistant from Lawton, marlow, and Duncan (we hope that helps!), this hamlet produced little of lasting value until the day it spawned Berry Lee Williams, now 18 (bottom). A recent h.s. grad, she works at nearby Ft. Sill, hopes to begin a modeling career with this pic, taken by a friendly GI.

Nebraska Natural

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FLOYD BENTSEN

Nebraska gave us William Jennings Bryan, Johnny Carson and Cornhusker's Lotion. Now you can add another name to that list with Amy.

She's a Lincoln coed, hails from nearby Squamee; and her pleasing images come to us courtesy of Lincoln lensman Floyd Bentsen.

"Here's my nomination for what's best in Nebraska," he wrote about the enclosed pictures. "Amy's 20, studying to be a veterinarian and comes from a rural family of four sisters and seven brothers."

Being brought up down on the farm may not be every girl's dream of childhood, but as you can see it sure did all right for Amy.

And if you've ever seen anything better (or more natural) in Nebraska, we wish you'd let us know.•

An oversized, oversexed monument of masculinity, turned out to be a one-man Middle East War....

EARTHQUAKE MCPOON!

by John Keefauver

We got to know each other on the morning of my naked alarm clock run.

I mean, when you're asleep in the bedroom and the alarm clock goes off in the living room, what do you do? Even if you've only had three hours sleep, even if you're dressed only in skin, even if you're in Istanbul at the time. Hell, you answer it. You stagger out of the sack, stumble to the clock, and turn the damn thing off.

So it did and I did. Then, in lovely golden silence, I groped back into bed. Two more minutes of slumber, O Lord, just two.

There was this itch, though, this flimsy finger that kept goosing my groggy brain. There was a young woman standing in that living room, the itch kept drumming on my boose-halved head. You done ignored her, you in your naked innocence. You ought to be ashamed. Better put some drawers on and go back and least tell her your name. You know how important first impressions are.

Couldn't be, I argued. I'm in the middle of Istanbul, by myself in this male friend's apartment. Ain't no woman here, damn it—less it's the one living next door he told me about, the one who has the key.

And eeeeek! my brain exploded, throwing sleep far away. There *had* been a woman standing in the living room when I made my naked alarm clock run. What won't the critters think of next! Getting at a fellow before he even has time to turn off the alarm and get some clothes on. It's enough to turn your stomach.

I put on pants and went to see the early-morning caller. In seconds she scrubbed away my last cobweb of sleep—easy. I mean, she sparkled—black hair that looked as if it had been spit-polished, cheery teeth, crinkly grin, and a sculptured body, particularly topside and hipside. All in all, she was much better than an alarm clock to wake up by.

"Good morning," I said, the words beating their way out through mouth fuzz, bred by last night's Turkish booze, called raki. "I didn't notice you my first time through."

"Welcome." Her word came with only a slight accent, plus giggle. "I am friend of Isik. I am Ulker."

"Ah, Ulker, I am Sam. Isik told me about you. You live next door."

She nodded, these flashy, inky eyes of hers staying right on me. "I hit on door, but you do not come. Iski give me key. I turn key. Clock is loud, yes?" And she laughed ho ho, remembering how I looked, I gathered, during my mad naked alarm clock run.

Well, at least *this girl* will always remember me. I was on a Europe-Can-Be-Cheap tour, my clothes looked it, and all the girls I'd met had forgotten me before my name was dry in their ears. Back in San Francisco, a year or so ago, I'd met Isik Uzsoy, a captain in the Turkish Navy going to school in the city by the Golden Gate. He'd invited me to look him up when and if I ever got to Istanbul, his home station. He'd asked me to stay a spell in his apartment.

"I saw Isik last night," I said, "after I got into town, but he had to leave for Ankara. Too bad I'll be here when he's there."

Her nose crinkled nicely when she smiled. "Isik say for me to take care of you. I start now. You come my apartment next door for tea."

"Crazy." I fet damn near fluttery.

"My mother also take care of you. She lives with me."

Flutter faded.

Shaved, cologned, toothbrushed, clothed, I trotted next door and had tea and cakes with Ulker and the elder Ulker, a battleship berthed in bed. Mother was massive. For a moment I thought she was in a crate, about to be shipped off somewhere. She didn't speak English, she didn't look English. She looked like a white whale, maybe Moby Dick. Maybe the yarpoon was even still in yer.

"She is too big to get out of bed," Ulker said simply. "She has been there for years." Daughter smiled lovingly at Mother, who smiled back with a flicker of two one-pound eyelids.

In a word, Mother was here to

(Continued on page 52)

T.N.T.

Helping Hand

frank rap with a rub-for-pay maid

By TOD SANDERS

Sheryl's 20. She dropped out of high school just before senior year and took her slim body and cute size 38" breasts to a *salon* in midtown Manhattan. To those who freak on it, it's considered *the* lunchtime entertainment center. Here's what she told me in this exclusive interview.

Sheryl: First of all, let me tell you that we don't have any intercourse going on here so any guy coming by thinking we've got some Cat Establishment here has the wrong picture. We're *legit;* a lot of us have got licenses from the State.

Me: You look legit. (Sheryl is sprawled on a couch in the backroom of the parlor, her top off so I could see what keeps the customers coming, two lovely breasts pink with rose tips.)

Sheryl: You gotta realize that we're watched. Of course, the customers don't know that the mirror in all those rooms is a two-way deal. Probably a lot wouldn't mind being watched, you know. But we don't tell them. The manager checks in sometimes, just to make sure everything's going all fine. If nothing's wrong, he moves off.

Me: You get any quacks, or crazies?

Sheryl: Sure, baby. Some dope pulled a knife on me and wanted me to eat him out. I mean, he just pulled out this long knife.

Me: What did you do?

Sheryl: (laughing) I did him. What do you think? Just hoped the manager was watching. He was. Came bursting in the door just as the guy was getting off.

Me: You weren't scared?

Sheryl: Well, for a few seconds. But I figured someone would get help. That's why we have the mirrors. Another guy wanted me to shoot some junk with him. He was really a sick trip.

Me: What *do* you do for the customers?

Sheryl: Well, I take a guy in and get him out of his clothes. That's usually no problem. Sometimes they're shy and have to be coaxed. Then you lay them on their tummies and rub. Shoulders, thighs, behind. The whole bit. I ask them if they want it dry or wet. Wet's with oil. Massages go so much nicer with oil. Then I turn them over and if they're sort of groovy looking, I turn them on.

Me: You turn them on?

Sheryl: Yea, you know. A little hand action between the legs. Most of them just spring to life. Course, we don't do that on the first visit. Gotta be careful of the cops. They'll come in undercover, let you do them and *then* bust you. Look up from some really hot work and there's a badge right in your face.

Me: Is oral sex common?

Sheryl: (laughs) Sure is.

Me: No, No. I mean between you and the customers.

Sheryl: Hey, let me set you straight. We don't do any of that. Strictly a massage. If the guy orgasms, that's his business. Of course, if someone's nice and well-hung, we can give some fine hand work. Especially if it's one of the big tippers.

Me: How much time do you spend with a customer?

Sheryl: Well, that depends on him. Some take a long time to get pleased.

Me: What about men who can't?

Sheryl: Get pleased? Everyone does, sooner or later. I talk to them if they're nervous. I flatter them if they feel insecure. Depends on how I move my hands,

too. It's important to make him feel I really dig it.

Me: Any standbys for turning them on?

Sheryl: Yea, most guys like their massage front and rear. Then their erection's solid.

Me: You dig that?

Sheryl: Well, an unsolid erection doesn't do much. Does it?

Me: No. Tell me. Are there any *don'ts?*

Sheryl: Yea. The customers can't touch us.

Me: Not touch you?

Sheryl: Well, after all. Who's getting the massage, them or me? And we really are professionals. A customer should just sit back and slip into his fantasies. Just goof on having our warm hands on him. Anything else, though, leads to sex. And that's out.

Me: Any of the girls do it on the side.

Sheryl: Sure. Some of the guys are nice. Besides, it's a clean way to make some bread.

Me: Do you?

Sheryl: That's my secret.

Me: You got any plans?

Sheryl: You mean, for tonight or the future?

Me: The future.

Sheryl: Well, I won't be any school teacher. Maybe a model. I don't know.

Me: What kind of men do you like.

Sheryl: Don't much.

Me: What are you looking for?

Sheryl: Someone who can get on my trip. Someone into oral sex and who's got something large enough to talk about. A little money never hurts, either.

Me: Well, all in all, do you like working here?

Sheryl: (Winking at me) It's the most *with it* Hand Laundry in town. Why not?

Me: What do you think motivated you to become a masseuse?

Sheryl: I wasn't getting satisfied by the young boys I was dating . . .

Me: Their fault?

Sheryl: Not really. They were fairly adequate in bed or in a car. It was just that I'd become a cardboard "girl-friend"-type whenever I started to go steady. I'd get stale and have to suppress the personality that was *me*. The only way I could rebel against this was to cheat on whomever I was supposed to be "going with" at the time.

Me: Where would you do it?

Sheryl: In a car mostly. Or in my bedroom at home. In a car, I preferred doing it kneeling on his lap, that was the most comfortable position for me.

Me: Was there a lot of physical passion involved here?

Sheryl: For me? There was a lot of *playacting*

(Continued on page 57)

ROGERS '71

SEXORCISM:
Routing the Devil In Miss Jones

By George Gordon

When the flush of the newborn sun fell first
On Eden's Green and Gold
Our Father Adam sat under a tree
And scratched with his stick in the mould
And the first rude sketch that the world had seen
Was joy to his mighty heart
'Til the Devil chuckled behind the leaves . . .
"It's clever . . . but is it
Art?"

The Devil has been chuckling at man ever since . . . but Art persists, and much of it has depicted the Prince of Darkness, despite his feelings about man's attempts to interpret his world through creative efforts.

The Devil is the world's oldest citizen. He was born like a flash of lightning in some remote past when the first human being was seized with unspeakable terror of the unknown. Since then he has thrived mightily in that vast baggage of terror which mankind has subsequently dragged along with it through life. For the Devil is nothing more than the symbol of man's fear of the unknown.

Of the many legends about Satan, perhaps the most fascinating is the belief that he often has sexual relations with mortals—in his own form, as an Incubus, or in the form of a beautiful, desirable woman—a Succubus. In his *On the Nightmare*, Ernest Jones, M.D. said, "The historical roots of this particular conception are too numerous to allow their being traced here. It must suffice to say that the central idea itself, the belief that sexual intercourse can occur between mortals and supernatural beings, is one of the most widespread of human beliefs."

Lust and Lucifer in Art. Early clerics found the cloven footprint of Old Nick in every boob and beaver imprinted in the graphics of the day. Censorship has traditionally been supported on religious grounds.

According to the confessions extracted from witches by the courts, women attending sabbats always had intercourse with the Devil. Theologians accepted the reality of intercourse between humans and the Devil, either as a male Incubus or as a female Succubus, and debated on the nature of the devils (whether corporeal or spirit), the extent of the sin, and the techniques of the act.

Many scholars, theologians and demonologists, during the witch-hunt era, wrote exhaustively on the subject of the Incubi and Succubi. According to these records, the Devil's preferred fashion of fornication was dog-style, unless the woman was beautiful, and then, some admitted, the sexual approach was a frontal assault.

But what fascinated the Inquisitors most about the Devil was not his physical form in general, but in particular. To be specific, what about his "member?"

It could be as heavy as the tool of a mule, as thick as a brawny arm or as scrawny as a long, thin finger.

Some swore that the Devil possessed a two-pronged penis, forked like a snake's tongue. Some swore it was half human flesh, and half iron or the horn of a stag. But no matter the size or substance, it was always as cold as an icicle.

It is natural that the Devil is to be found down the centuries in the world of art. The fall of the dmaned depicted in the mosaics of the baptistry of Florence cathedral is a good example of medieval treatment of the theme. Hieronymus Bosch, with his fantastic creations of the ape of God, portrays the Devil as the lord of disorder, of anticreation; Albrecht Durer represents him as a pig, skulking behind death, following a man on horseback, ready to snatch his soul; Goya shows him as a goat; and Delacroix reduces him to the absurdity of Mephistopheles.

In medieval church carvings he often appears in the familiar form with horns and tail, a grotesque shape reflecting the ideas of the mystery plays. But it is to the east rather than to the west that the most telling examples of an early date are to be found. In popular Chinese art, in Iranian carvings, in Assyro-Babylonian remains the Devil figures frequently, and it was from the latter that Judeo-Christian representations of him seem to be copied.

In Bernard Strigel's *A Pair of Lovers With the Devil and Cupid*, a pen and ink drawing, an ugly demon rides upon the shoulders of lovers who are following the cherub, Cupid. Perhaps the lovers are following Cupid to a secluded spot to indulge in sexual union. But the Devil seems determined to destroy them and their love.

The Destroying Angel and Daemons of Evil, Interrupting the Orgies of the Vicious and Intemperate has a self-explanatory title. Muscular Devils and lusty, powerful young men are sexually assaulting nude young girls in a great banquet hall. Many of the girls are cooperating with their defilers. *MORE*

SEXORCISM

A magnificent angel has appeared high over the scene of orgy, a gleaming countenance brought into view in a burst of smoke. This painting by the Englishman, William Etty, is one of the few works which truly captures the feeling of wild abandon which is usually associated with orgies.

Fantuzzi, in his *A Satyr Assaulting a Woman Defended By Three Cupids*, illustrated the common practice of depicting the Devil as a playful, randy Satyr instead of his more sinister, hellish identity as the master of Hell. In this painting, a beast-like demon with long horns attempts to have sexual intercourse with a nude young woman. The naked girl struggles desperately between the Satyr's hairy animal-legs while three small cherubs fight in vain against the hideous rapist.

In two untitled watercolors pictured in *Erotic Art* by Kronhausen, Ulf Rahmberg, the Swedish painter, shows the Devil chasing a nude girl. The Devil has a surrealistically huge erection. In the background stands a tall palace which resembles an erect phallus.

In the second scene, which obviously takes place after the Devil has caught the girl and enjoyed sexual acts with her, the Devil's penis is now deflated, and he is trying to leave the girl behind. But the girl, whose vagina now drips the love juices which the Devil has ejaculated into her body, clings to him and is begging him to stay, apparently in hopes of a repeat performance of sexual intercourse. The palace which had resembled an erect phallus in the first scene has altered so that it now resembles an open vagina.

The theme of this work, it seems, is that it is the thrill of breaking a taboo—of committing a sin—which creates the mystique about sex which drives a person to his, or her, first sexual act. After that, the artist seems to say, the awakened desire for sexual union grows until sex becomes a need instead of a novelty.

Dirtiest film of the year? Many critics found the verbal laxity and spiritual looseness of "The Exorcist" far more obscene than "Deep Throat."

This desire for sexual fulfillment is a common theme in Devil worship. As in black magic generally, actions which are conventionally condemned as evil are valued for their psychological and mystical effects. Devil-worshippers usually believe that the attainment of perfection and the experience of the divine come through an ecstasy achieved in a sensual orgy which is likely to involve perverse sexual practices, homosexuality and flegellation, sometimes even cannibalism.

In his *Last Judgement*, Signorelli suggests that part of the suffering of humans condemned to hell may be to serve as sexual toys for brutal demons. In his painting, he depicts horrible demons molesting nude human beings. Full-breasted girls are being thrown to the ground, hugged brutally as though the demons were trying to crush them as painfully as possible.

Nicolas Poussin depicted the insatiable sexual appetites of the daemons of the lower regions in his *Nymph Surprised by Satyrs*. Here too jolly, lusty have discovered a sleeping girl in the woods. The girl is nude, her body only partially concealed by a robe, which one grinning Satyr pulls from her, exposing her white flesh, her round, upthrust breasts, her shapely thighs. While his companion watches gleefully, the bearded Satyr kneels between the girl's legs—which she has inadvertently spread as the Satyr's presence disturbs her quiet dreams. Before she awakes, the Satyr will be upon her, between her legs, thrusting his half-animal body into her own.

The depiction of the Devil and his lesser disciples is not limited to painting and drawing. Claude Michel Clodion, the prominent French sculptor, worked mostly in terra cotta, his preferred subjects being nymphs, satyrs, bacchantes, Nerieds, etc. His *Satyr and Bacchante*, 1775, depicts a beautiful, nude girl in an embrace with a ruggedly handsome Satyr. Apparently the two are having a picnic, probably in some secluded wood. The girl, whose rounded, soft buttocks face the viewer, seems overjoyed to be with her lover. The Satyr, with his hairy legs and hooves, is delighted to have such a young, succulent girl with which to indulge his sensuous desires.

Perhaps because of the artistic production which has concentrated upon the Devil as a symbol of evil, of sexual abandon, of the Unknown, and because of the powerful effect the legends about the Devil have had upon the creative imagination, our present-day image of Satan is usually much milder than that held by past generations.

Today, because of the hundreds of paintings, etchings, drawings, and pieces of sculpture which the public has viewed, the Devil has been reduced to little more than a comic figure. The old concept of the Devil in his guise of a winged goat, presiding over the sacrifice of a nude woman during a black mass, is no longer taken seriously among educated peoples.

Still, the fascination with sex and its relationship to Satan still has a strong hold upon the imaginations of millions of people. For many, the way to sexual freedom lies through the rituals of black magic.

As Anton Szandor LaVey, called "The Black Pope" by his followers, and founder of the Church of Satan, points out:

> Satanism *does* advocate sexual freedom, but only in the true sense of the word. Free love, in the Satanic concept, means *exactly* that—freedom to either be faithful to one person or to indulge your sexual desires with as many others as you feel is necessary to satisfy your particular needs.

Another famous Satanist, Aleister Crowley, said, "Each individual has an absolute right to satisfy his sexual instinct as is psychologically proper to him." Crowley practiced his own teachings. He was a notorious pleasure-seeker, a poet, painter, writer, master chess player, lecher, drug addict, magician, and what the contemporary press chose to call "the wickedest man in the world."

It is no wonder that the relationship between Satan and sex has provided inspiration for so many noted artists. The connection is one which almost everyone acknowledges, if only in theory. •

Idaho Innocent

Idaho is not a place you immediately associate with beautiful young girls. It brings to mind the Rockies, potatoes, and wilderness . . . but not shapely, free-wheeling women. Well, it's time to revise your prejudices.

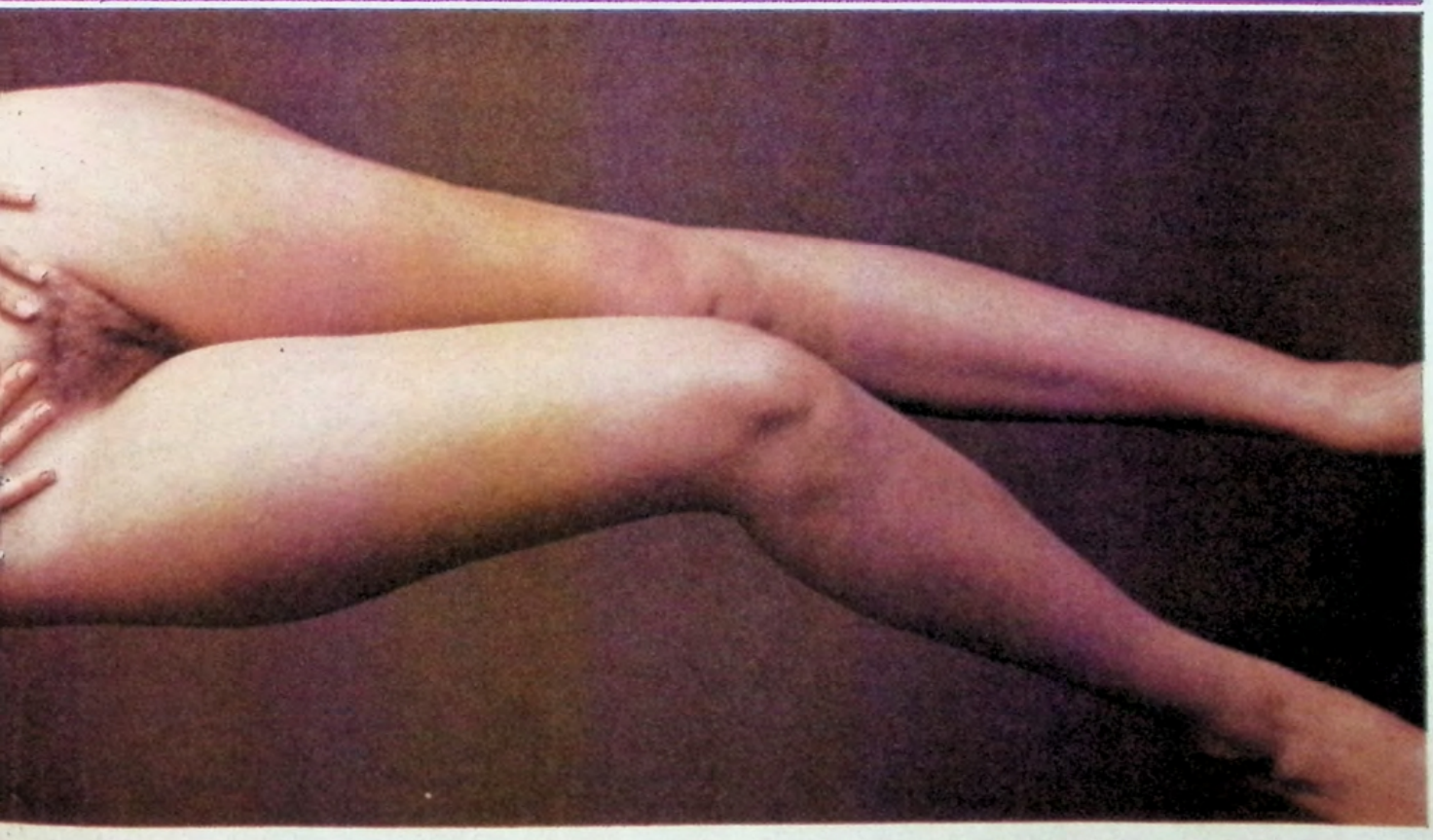
Case in point: Mandy W., 21, from Idaho Falls. A senior at one of the state universities, this is her second modeling assignment. "The first completely nude, actually," she says. "The other time I modeled, it was in a swimsuit.

"And I don't think I'll be doing it again. Not because I'm ashamed of it —or mind the money, ha-ha—but because I have another, more stable career in the works as soon as I graduate. I'm a marketing major, and I'm looking forward to being a businesswoman, preferably in either San Francisco or New York.

"Of all the girls I know, both here at the university and from my hometown, very few of them would

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. P. GLOVER

Idaho
Innocent



look down on me for doing this. In fact, a number of my sorority sisters have pestered me about setting up some kind of appointment with A.P. (ROGUE's photographer in Boise). Lord knows, the money comes in handy.

"Boyfriends are another story. Some of them get very upset, when they find out about the pictures. I just don't understand it. So, I never mention it to them anymore. It works out better that way."

Innocent? Hardly. But her openness and refreshing lack of guilt bring to Idaho what it so desperately needs: a foot in the door of the 1970's. •

Utah Yearling

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANK SMITH

Utah might not seem like a place inhabited by well put-together young women. And Cloris might seem a little too well developed to qualify as a yearling. But it's ture. She's only been in Utah a year, and by the time Provo photographer Frank Smith caught up with her, she was already into skinny-dipping (or skinny-floating) in the Great Salt Lake.

She comes originally from neighboring Nevada, where dad's a pit

Utah Yearling

boss at a Reno club and mom is a retired Justice of the Peace.

"Being in Utah, and being in Provo in particular, means a lot to me," Cloris told Smith. The slopes in the winter and the salt lake in the summer are reason enough for her to settle down and stay all year round. And when she's out in the lake doing a leisurely back-float, she's the only Utahian in the water who is visible at up to 300 yards.

"The Mormon people are really very nice," she believes. "Everybody thinks they're so straight and uptight. Well, maybe about booze or black people they are, but about sex, nosiree, underneath the preaching, they're as free and uninhibited as any folks I've ever seen.

Utah Yearling

"I've only been here a year, and I've already gotten three marriage proposals, one from a man with four wives, one from a man with two, and one to be his 'first.' I'll tell you, there's no grass growing under any of their feet."

Cloris plans to stay in Provo "indefinitely" and, to be sure, nobody there is anxious to see her leave.

Of the girls we've seen in the Beehive State, she comes closest to the ideal old-fashioned girl. Even if she is a yearling. •

BLUE JOB

Being a rap session with one Arlana Blue, a lady of sense and station, who just happens to be one of the best X-rated mouthpieces around . . .

By DIANA KLAXTON

ran into you because of your role in *The Healers*. What have you done before that got you into making *The Healers* which was hard core, right?

Yeah, but my section was speeded up. It was fast you know. I didn't do hard core in that. I danced in it. My scene was like *Clockwork Orange*'s speeded-up sex scenes, you know. It didn't really have to be actual.

Now that the *soft core* market is becoming very big, you want to kind of stay with that, is that right?

Oh yes. I'm not you know . . . I'm much too talented. I would want to do films not concerning sex at all I would prefer.

Truly?

Yeah.

But it's such a popular market right now.

Yes, but I'm so tired of sex already. I'm so tired of sex in films. It's coming out of my ears already. I want to do something concerning the occult, get into magic, witchcraft, anything. That's the new thing that's coming up. The occult. Sex is played out already. I mean sex—use it for the *bedroom* already. I'm tired of it already. I want to get into other things. Let's explore the unknown, let's explore the occult, let's explore, you know, magic!

In other words you want a film that really has something to say. You want something that will almost educate people rather than something that will just get them off.

Yeah, you know. . . .

You don't like to see them as pure entertainment.

No, I don't, you know.

Do you feel like your talents are really wasted in a soft core film because you're primarily a dancer?

Well, I'm an actress and I'm also a singer too.

Are you?

Yeah, I'm going to become a singer. I'd sing in plays and in theater. I'll sing with a rock group or I'll just sing in you know whatever . . . whatever comes my way. But I want to get into films that have some real adventure, real action, out of the bedroom. I'm tired of all this sex. I'm tired of it.

Well how many films have you made that qualifies you to be so down on them as you seem?

No, you know I'm not so down on them. That's for the market. But you know people are passed it already. They want to see something more intellectual, something. . . .

Every time someone makes a so-

called art film, it never gets far except if it's done by a great big Hollywood film company or something like that. I mean somebody who doesn't experiment or like . . . Ed Cemano did a lot of these experimental art things and you don't see them publicized. You know you want to get before a mass audience, don't you and be known as an actress?

Yeah, I know. But you know I'd just . . . I'd rather do something that has nothing to do with sex, outright sex. What it comes down to, I'd rather be in union films. I'd rather be making films you know, SAG (Screen Actors Guild) films. I just want to be legitimate, I want to, you know, do some action. I'm very talented and I want to use my talent in that, you know, as an actress. You know I just get bored with the whole sex number, very bored with it.

Do you find it violates your own personal sexual ethics? Is that what really bugs you about it, that it's kind of old-timey and exploited?

It's very old-fashioned really.

I mean nobody carries on like that any more. I mean you know . . .

It's very old fashioned. What it comes down to, they're trying to appeal

to a perverted market already. People who go to sex films like you know, it's people who don't have sex. I'd rather perform in films that . . . for intellectual you know, people who are intelligent, not people who are perverted and don't have any sex.

Now wait a minute. A lot of us go to sex films that are just . . . people just get off on it.

I know. But I'm just tired and bored with sex really. You know, like my capacity for . . . I feel too intellectual to be having to do this. Sex is like basic. Sex is like eating breakfast. Sex is like nothing to me, you know. It's no big thing.

Well, there's a lot of artistry. Like *Madame Xenobia* has a lot of artistry in it. In *Madame Xenobia*, the camera work and the vision and the personnel. . . . It's very good. Tell me, what do you do to get into the other pictures as an actress and as a singer.

Well, I don't go to any of them. I can't go to any SAG interviews but I'm not in SAG. And that's what really pisses me off. I can't go to any union.

Well, frankly, I'm really just interested in . . . I mean your experience with sex films. You're one of the most literate people I've talked with who has made the films. And why did you get into them in the first place, just as an easy way to make some money?

No, because I wanted to be an actress. I wanted to be on film. I wanted to be in films, you know.

Yes.

And it was a gas to do. They were so much fun.

Yes. But now you think they're just really beneath you. Are you sorry you made them? Because you've got a good name in them.

No, I have a good name because I've danced in most of them. Cimano's film, his *Homecoming*, I did hard-core in it. That was like one of the few ones I did hard.

Uh huh.

There were soft core films that I did, you know.

And you'll continue doing them because the money is good?

Yeah. But I still . . . even if it's soft core I'll do it because the good is good, you know. But it's just to have fun acting, *(Continued on page 59)*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HOBART WHITEMAN

Wyoming's Wildest

Wyoming, whether or not you've heard, is still a place where the wide-open spaces, whipping winds and weatherbeaten wilderness are winning the war against the wanton wasting of Ms. Nature's landscapes.

Wilder than the whistlingest Wyoming wind, (or so says our Cheyenne connection Hobart Whiteman), is a certain young Casper coed named Carole, whose images you see here on these pages and whose commitment to keeping Wyoming wild is total.

Wyoming's Wildest

"She claimed she would personally scratch out the eyes of any housing-tract developer or strip-mining speculator she caught trying to start something in Wyoming," writes Whiteman, who got these photos only after repeated promises that they would only be used in connection with a plea to deep the despoilers out of the state.

This: Keep Wyoming Wild.

And keep Carole content. •

THE DON IS STIFF

(Continued from page 8)

the Ancient. He wanted to rid himself and the organization of fat Don Guglio but he was, he had to admit, chickenshit. The Don had too many friends and too much clout. There would be bloody retaliations. Mario wanted the Don to quietly pass away and leave "numero uno" to him.

* * *

So Mario is ambitious but he keeps his mouth hut. The Don is only a fat hasbeen who lives solely for the pleasure of pussy, power, and good port. He is a dirty old bastard but nobody's fool. He has already disposed of two other overly-ambitious lieutenants. Mario is taking no chances. The Don, however is firmly convinced that Mario is devoted to him. For that reason alone, Mario is always kept close to the old man's side. It is he who must always take care of the Don's "personal" business. Sometimes "business" is beating up shop owners. Sometimes it is buying off nosy newspapermen. Other times it is lighting cigars and pouring wine for the old man. Most of the time, however, "business" means finding young women to satisfy the Don's grotesque sexual appetites. Sure, the old man is slowly dying, but he wasn't dead yet. He liked a tight young tail on Saturday night. Mario's standing order was to find suitable whores, physically check them out and then to impale them on the old man's anxious pecker. The young Italian did everthing sex-wise for the Don except insert the old goat's pike into the chippy's pit.

* * *

"Mario go out and get me a girl!" ordered Don Guglio spasmodically bobbing his head up and down. Mario curtly nodded and moved towards the doorway. He put his hand on the knob and hesitated. "Would you like any particular kind of girl, Don?" asked Mario.

"How about a nice redhead? . . . Yes, yes, that sounds good," exclaimed the old man. "But be sure she's a real one. Check her shorthairs carefully before you send her in."

Mario nodded and went out the door. He drove to one of the bordelli run by the Mob. Betty, its madam, always treated Mario with the utmost courtesy and respect, referring to the young henchman always as "Sir". This gentlemanly title made him feel important enough to return to the same cathouse again and again for the Don's recruits.

"I need a carrot-top, Betty," he said flopping down on a plush sofa. Betty was antique, overweight, wrinkled, unreformed. She missed several front teeth and sported a large scar under her left eye. Her thighs had swallowed more lengths of peter than there were rulers to measure their fleshy inches. She was an atlas of every position and had mapped a few of her own. Her bosoms sagged like over-inflated waterballs, just ripe to be bust.

"I've got a beauty for you. Sir," she answered, practically clapping her hands with enthusiasm. She leaned over and whispered in Mario's ear. "She came in just yesterday . . . she's only a kid . . . *Regina*, a virgin."

Mario lifted his eyebrows and his eyes widened. "Bring her in here!" he snapped. Betty left, returning shortly with a stunning beauty who couldn't have been older than sixteen. Long red hair cascaded almost to her waist. Blue eyes, turned-up nose, rosy lips . . . an angel among the swine.

"Strip!" commanded Mario, impatiently tapping his patent leather shoe on the floor. Now the girl slowly, demurely reached behind her back and unzipped her silk gown. Now her hands proceeded with shocking speed. She didn't seem nervous or jittery like most amateurs. She peeled with the precise pride of a professional. With the zipper down now, she allowed the gown to fall to her ankles. Mario's eyes started at her face and began working their way downward. Her skin was white and creamy, not freckled like most redheads. Her breasts were well-rounded and girlish. The nipples popped like tinier teats on tiny teats, like rosy bullets begging to be detonated.

The cool air in the room shriveled the pores on her nipples, and they popped up hard. Mario gave an approving nod to the chest. The stomach was flat and the waist small. The hips boyish but acceptable. But the pubic region! The full and thicket of hair! Crimson down crawled way up her abdomen and stretched sideways towards the hips from the dense and bushy delta.

"Come closer! Spread your legs!" said Mario. The girl's stoic facial expression never changed. She sauntered over close to him. She cleared her long, slender legs. Mario slid his hand between her crotch.

"No offense, just testing, honey," he smirked. He poked about roughly, then removed his hand.

"Okay, she'll do," he grunted to Betty. The girl turned and walked towards her gown, her buttocks bouncing seductively with each step. Mario's eyes remained glued to her ass. When she got to the gown which was on the floor, she purposely spread her legs again. She bent over immodestly, splitting her cheeks and granting Mario a deep look inside her wide, wild, now wet inferno.

* * *

Outside the Don's room, Mario strips the girl again. "Your gentleman is waiting inside that room," he barks. "See that he enjoys himself. You know what to do, do it!" He opens the door halfway and pushes the naked girl inside. He claps her on the butt, slams the door, bolts it.

The room is dark, and takes her eyes a few moments to adjust to the absence of light. When the room

(Continued on page 60)

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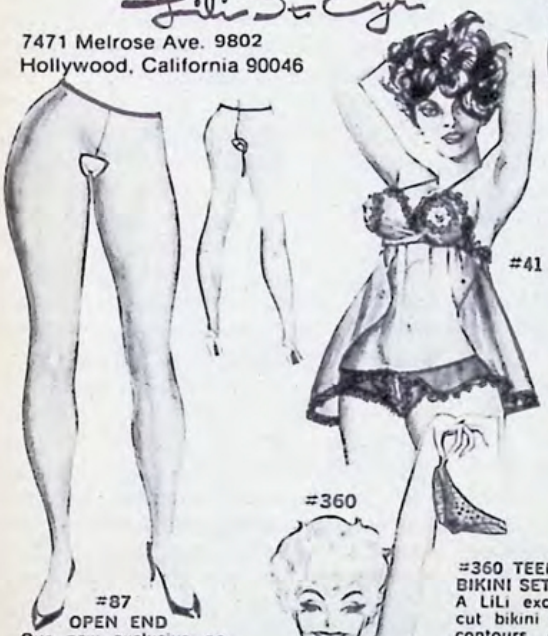

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(Continued from page 24)

stay. And so was Earthquake McGoon.

Earthquake didn't show until that night, I'm glad to report, *after* Ulker and I had at least *begun* fun and games. If not to her bosom, the miss had taken me into a couple of mosques that day, on a ferry ride up the Golden Horn, on a tour of the fancy sewing school where she taught, and to a restaurant off Istiklal Caddesi, where we downed dolmus and shiskabob and an assortment of strange goodies. I learned, too, that she had known Isik since school days, that they learned English in the same college classes, and that he was "just a friend." Swell.

Then I got started on the Body Works Tour. We came in that night and Ulker, after checking Mother's snores, rumbled into Isik's place with me. I uncorked a bottle of raki. Soon I discovered that what she had bunched up in front weren't tied in a Boy Ucout knot; everything sort of flowed out easily when I unscrewed proper bolts. I figured we were about to play Spin-the-Raki-Bottle in bed when splintering the great heaving silence came thunder on the front door. At first I thought the bomb-drop toilet—that hold in Isik's bathroom floor, at which you aimed, praying mightily—had exploded.

We were lying crossways on the bed, mostly clothed. At the thunder, Ulker almost went through the mattress. I, a calm sort basically, nearly bit her ear in two.

"Boyfriend," Ulker murmured despe
ately.

I released her ear. Pushing a bunch of her warm goodies aside, I sat up. "We'll not let him in," I said, very firmly. I let my foot casually search the floor for a shoe; it was only about an eighteen-foot drop to the ground.

I heard a key in the lock (everybody had one!), the door opened, and before I could get under the mattress, into the bedroom strode Earthquake McPoon.

Ulker introduced us as she buttoned her topside inside. I didn't catch his name. As far as I was concerned, he was Earthquake McPoon. He was maybe seven feet tall, with stovepipe arms, keg chest, and hands that seemed never to have stopped growing. At the moment his expression looked as if he had just eaten Little Orphan Annie, was still hungry, and could hardly wait to start in on me.

With what appeared to be steam coming out of his nose, he grabbed Ulker and carried her out of our playpen, slicing her up with Turkish four-letter words.

She looked all right the next time I saw her, though. Damn fine, in fact. It was the next night, about two a.m., when she keyed open my door.

"Ah, Ulker, welcome. I trust you come alone."

"Yes. Boyfriend, he go home. He come back tomorrow."

"Must he?"

She shrugged. "He boyfriend. He come all time, since little boy. He come forever. I no can get finished with him."

Earthquake, too, had lived right next door to Ulker and Mother for a number of years, I soon learned; right in this same apartment, in fact, before Isik had moved in. That's how come he had a key to the place. The night I'd met him he'd come to Ulker's place and learned from Mother that Ulker was out with me. That's why he'd used his key. All this I got from Ulker as we played Feel-As-You-Go.

We didn't play long. We had barely got into the nibbling stage when I heard Earthquake's key slip into my lock. Into the bedroom he rumbled; out of my bed Ulker sprang—astride his arm; one of his ham hands was *around* her head, so help me. With the other hand, he cuffed me. My skull went partially through the metal fencework at the head of the bed.

So, once again, Ulker left my bed. Would I ever see her again? Did I want to?

I did. She came in the next evening, early; Earthquake was with her. The son-of-a-bitch looked sheepish, of all things. And I swear he was trying to be sweet. I was suspicious right away, especially when he mumbled, in Turkish with Ulker translating, that he was sorry he had banged around. And when he offered to show me the town, I hesitated one hellova long time. I finally said okay only because Ulker insisted I go, putting what I thought was a sultry promise into her voice. I thought she was coming with us, but she said she had to give Mother a bath, evidentally an all-night operation. She gave me a wink as Earthquake and I left for Greater Istanbul. I figured when I got home I would explore Greater Her. And maybe Earthquake could explore the Bosphorus, after I pushed him in.

With Earthquake still in his working clothes—he was a plumber with the Istanbul warworks, or some such—we got on a rinky-dink street car, one about the size of a cable car in San Francisco; when three-hundred-pound Earthquake got on, TILT flashed across my eyes. With Turkish grunts and pantomine, he told me that, first, we were going to eat. Then we were going to go see the GIRLS. His hands very busily caressed imaginary hips.

So we ate—dornakaba, a plate of ground beef with yogurt underneath and hot catsup on top; and we drank—raki, a national drink made from the grape and flavored with anisette; and I paid. Then we went to a SAZ in the neighborhood of Necatibey Caddis and heard nasal-singing women and weedy, wailing music. We took in a belly dance, too. And during the whole time we were throwing down raki. And I paid.

We went over Galata Bridge into Old Istanbul then. I didn't know where we were going; I didn't much care. I just had the general idea that we were heading for the GIRLS. I didn't know my way out of the area, so the only thing I could do was follow him. Soon we were in The Great Covered Bazzar. The place was a maze of covered streets, a madhouse of shops selling everything except chocolate covered hard boiled eggs on a friendly stick, and, judging by the scramble of people there, that's what everybody wanted. Sure would be easy to get lost in the place, I thought—just before I did.

Earthquake disappeared. He was there ahead of me when I turned to look at a real fancy gal selling a real fancy brass bedpan. When I looked around again, he was gone, all seven feet of him. Simply melted away, if you can imagine.

That's when I also noticed this

(Continued on page 62)

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(Continued from page 29)

involved in it for me. The main thing I was after was their attention. The sex didn't have any thrill for me until much later.

Me: What do you think *you* were giving *them*?

Sheryl: I really never thought about that. I always thought about what *they* were *giving* me. Probably they were getting the same thing: a lot of attention. Some of them had unsatisfactory experiences with other young girls and some just had trouble hustling chicks. I made it easy for them . . .

Me: How would they find out about each other?

Sheryl: I'd tell them.

Me: How would they feel?

Sheryl: Very shocked, very upset and hurt . . .

Me: Okay, now tell us about the time you lost your cherry.

Sheryl: Nothing too exciting there. My eighth-grade teacher was my first. It happened . . . let's see, in a car at a drive-in. A classic, right? And after it was over with, I said, "Is that *it*?"

Me: The great American manifesto . . .

Cheryl: Riiight!

Me: Is there anything sexual you refuse to do?

Sheryl: For love?

Me: Yeah.

Sheryl: Well . . . I balk (*melodramatically*) at pederasty . . . but I do it . . .

Me: What about head?

Sheryl: I like it.

Me: Why?

Sheryl: I just *do*. Maybe because I was never able to perform fellatio or have cunnilingus performed on me with my teacher-lover. He had hang-ups. He just didn't like it and he didn't want to try anything. He was more-or-less a missionary-position lover. We experimented some when I could get him drunk . . . but my first oral experience actually was with some kid who talked me into doing it to him in the schoolyard. It wasn't too good . . . wait just a cotton' picking minute, I gotta stop and think about that . . . I can't even remember whether he went down on me first or I went down on him. I think it was the other way around. All I know is that once he started eating me, I totally blew my cool. Up to then, I'd been very remote, reserved about sex. He shot my image entirely.

Me: What about your first orgasm then?

Sheryl: With a 50-year-old dude in his bedroom across the street from my folks' house and, um, it was pretty dynamite. I remember his philosophy as far as women were concerned was that if he climbed into the rack with a chick, his goal was to get her off . . .

Me: Was he an unusual "type" for you?

Sheryl: Well, I dunno, I guess so. Boys, young boys, tend to be selfish and self-concerned. Until then, I didn't even realize that a guy was supposed to be interested in whether a girl had her orgasm or not . . .

Me: Your teacher, was he possessive?

Sheryl: Oh sure. He was 38 and always trying to keep me. The only thing he ever asked of me was that I not go to bed with anybody else from the school, kids or teachers. And that was the only thing I couldn't do for him . . .

Me: Was he willing to make sexual concessions?

Sheryl: No.

Me: What would he say to you. Things like "This slut isn't the *real* you" or things like that . . .

Sheryl: No, he just said that someday I'd be sorry.

Me: Are you?

Sheryl: No.

Me: Ever make it with a younger guy?

Sheryl: Just once, a brief encounter with a young boy of 14 when I was 18. I was making out with a girlfriend on my roof and this kid walked in on me and I told him I'd be good to him if he wouldn't tell my mother.

Me: A girlfriend?

Sheryl: Variety's the spice . . . as they say.

Me: Are there any penises you particularly remember?

Sheryl: I guess I'll never forget my teacher's. After all, I was with him for a while. And besides, it was enormous, monstrous. It was just too big. I couldn't enjoy sex with him at all. When he was in me I couldn't feel anything at all. My motto now is "give me quality, not quantity."

Me: As easy as you are to hustle, don't you have any fears about sex?

Sheryl: I was always a little scared the first time I meet a guy because I suddenly realized, y'know, I don't know anything about this creep . . . he might beat me to death!

Me: Well, now you're walking around New York, all sunny and open and buxom. Don't you worry about being assaulted?

Sheryl: No. I don't think about it. I suppose if someone wanted to rape me, I'd just give in.

Me: Have you ever been involved in any scenes?

Sheryl: Um, all right. . . . For the past year and a half I've been living with a guy and his wife . . . He's the guy I'm living with now. *We* left his wife, she's now living in Newark. You see, I was going with him and then I got evicted from my apartment the very week that he had left her over an argument and when we found that we didn't have any place to move to, he went to her and asked her if we could move in with her for a while. And she agreed to it.

Me: Was the arrangement agreeable to you?

Sheryl: Well, at first it was very difficult for me. In fact, for about a month, I refused to believe that they were upstairs making love and then one night I heard them and it brought it home to me. It was kinda hard to take, I gotta admit.

Me: Were you excess baggage in the menage?

Sheryl: Oh no. He alternated between us. I had my bedroom and she had hers upstairs and he slept with her one night and me the next . . . unless she was displeased with him for some reason, then he always slept with me. I never turned him down. . . . My initial feeling wasn't really jealousy. It was just an aloneness. I didn't mind him making love to her, I just wanted to be with him . . .

Me: Did you ever try to join them in bed?

Sheryl: Yes, I did, but his wife threw me out . . . I dunno, she's a very cold person. I've been in a situation, another situation of the same type with another girl. It was just this other girl and this guy and me. She was living with me after I left home and this guy was there with me one night and she came in

and the three of us ended up in bed together.

Me: Did the two of you girls pursue this relationship?

Sheryl: No and she was pretty broken up for a while. She really liked me. But I was just too hung up on this guy. Still, I've never met another girl that I've been this close to. And I might add that she's ten years younger than I am.

Me: Well, what made you think that your menage with the married man was going to work?

Sheryl: His wife was beginning to warm a little, y'know? Like I said, she was a very cold, reserved person and, um, when I came along, things between the two of them started to smooth out a little bit and that's when I started thinking that it might eventually work out for the three of us.

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So that's the question ROGUE is going to ask in this and every issue. Whatever happened to our once-proud concept of a wholesome, homey, plain-talking American woman? Is our grass roots goddess just a myth? Or has she followed the flow towards bright lights and lipstick livin', only to lose her charming simplicity in the high-speed traffic of ultra-modern morality.

Or better yet, is she still out there, uncomplainingly following her traditional patterns of quiet dignity, contained passion, heartiness, hardiness, modesty, and devotion, just waiting for modernity to rediscover her.

That's what we believe, or choose to believe, here at ROGUE. And that's why we sent the call along the highways and biways and backwaters of this proud land, to summon her forward so that she may be shared with her countrymen.

Concretely, we have notified every photographer we could think of in every small hamlet and mini-city and suburban sprawl we could reach to send us their local candidates for that girl who best embodies the pre-revolutionary virtues of humility, freshness, and unused passion.

Having now compiled our dossier, ROGUE is now ready to reveal our findings. Each month, we will feature the unsung, undraped heroines from a specific geographical section of our land.

We begin this month with a look at the Middle Far West. Remember, please, if you want drugged-out hiplets, or jaded sexperts, or mascaraed money-grubbers, stick to *Playboy*. But if it's openness, brightness, exuberance, honesty—the ROGUE girl's for you. Stay with us on our search.—The Editors.

DOMINEERING DAMZEL
(Continued from page 11)

Q: You say you're just an actress, but tell me the truth—don't you enjoy dominating men and humiliating them?

Domina: Sure! I don't deny it. I dig it a lot. Even though its an act, it's really not, if you know what I mean. I can't stand weak men. I despise men who ask for punishment. A lot of times I laugh when they're uncomfortable and humiliated, and it's no act. I really think it's amusing to see a grown man, an important man, licking my shoes.

Q: Of course, they love it. The humiliation, your enjoyment, their discomfort—that's what they pay you for. So actually you are giving pleasure to men you despise. How do you reconcile that?

Domina: I do it for the money. Besides, in my business, you have to learn to live with contradictions.

Q: Can you tell us about one of your more interesting sessions?

Domina: Well, let me see now, there have been so many . . . oh, hey, here's one that happened just last week.

There was this AMA convention in town, and all the doctors were roaming around in the evenings looking for some action. So I meet this guy in a bar downtown. He tells me his name is Dr. O'Conner. Usually, in a situation like that, where I don't know the client at all, I ask for some kind of identification. He pulls out all kinds of credit cards and a checkbook, and it looked all right, so I took him up to the pad.

I ask him what he likes, and he says he wants to be really degraded, and right away he's calling me "Mistress". So I said, "Okay, you scum, for openers write me a check for two hundred dollars." So he does.

Then I put the dog collar on him and walk him around. Every now and then I'd kick him in the ribs, just a little, and I'd yank hard on the leash. He was really getting into it. He said "More, I should be punished more, Mistress. The whole world thinks I'm a great doctor, but I know I'm not even worth to lick your toes."

I pretended to be angry. Furious. I said, "You dog, don't you even

THINK about licking my toes. How dare you! Sit down right now and write me another check."

And I made him sign another check for $200.

Now, I have this little leopard lizard I keep on the window ledge in a small aquarium with some gravel and rocks in it. A terrarium, actually. Did you ever keep a lizard?

Q: No.

Domina: Well, they eat mealworms. You can buy them in a pet store. They look like little caterpillars and they're not really worms—actually they're the larval form of the meal beetle. Anyway, I had a can of these mealworms and Dr. O'Conner was really asking for it, so I got a real inspiration. I went to the can, picked up a mealworm with a pair of tweezers and fed one to the lizard.

Then I picked up another mealworm and held it in front of this doctor's face where he could see it squirm and wriggle in the tweezers. Then I said, "Okay, you crud, eat this."

Q: You're putting me on.

Domina: No, I really did this. I made him eat three mealworms, and it cost him a hundred dollars a worm.

Q: Did you ever do that before to a client?

Domina: No, it was like a sudden inspiration. I'm sure that man will never forget that experience for the rest of his life. I really didn't expect him to eat it, but I thought I'd see how far I could push him. He went for it. I didn't have to push very hard, because he wanted to be pushed. He would have eaten anything I told him to eat, and I do mean *anything*!

Q: You'd have to be pretty far out to think up something more disgusting than the mealworm.

Domina: I *am* far out. I don't get paid for being pretty, you know. My imagination is what turns men on. I thought of something even worse for Dr. O'Connor.

Q: I'm afraid to ask.

Domina: Well, I'll tell you anyway. I was having my period and I gave him a used tampon to suck on.

Q: That's pretty gross. I hope you're kidding.

Domina: I am *not* kidding. You said you wanted true stories. He licked it like it was an ice cream cone. Now you see why it isn't necessary to hurt people's flesh or to draw blood. S-M is a state of mind, like all sex.

Q: What finally happened with your doctor?

Domina: That scum! He wrote out checks totaling $2500 that night, and I thought I really had made a big sting. But when I got to the bank the next day, all the checks bounced. He was a complete phony. He's one of the few who ever burned me, but that dog better hope I never find him. I'll make him pay through the nose.

Q: He might enjoy that.

Domina: No, I promise you, he won't enjoy it if he ever crosses my path again. How embarrassing—to be burned by a phony scum mutha.

Q: I take it then that you don't enjoy being humiliated. Yet I've often heard it said that a sadistic woman often can flip over and become masochistic and vice versa.

Domina: Well, that might be true for a lot of people. I've seen it. But speaking just for myself, I always like to be on top of the situation. I'm no masochist, no way. I guess I've always enjoyed being a dominant broad, and I have no intention of changing. That is my final word on the subject.

Q: (Bowing and scraping). Thank you, Domina. •

BLUE JOB

(Continued from page 45)

doing something. But I'm getting tired of just speaking sex talk, even in soft-core films.

It's ridiculous, the dialogue they use.

The dialogue is sex.

The dialogue is insane.

I'm always playing a prostitute you know. I'm tired of that already, playing a prostitute in films.

Do you think people should talk about sex?

What?

Do you think people should talk about sex or it's just not that important?

No, you can talk about it. But how are you ever going to be satisfied if you don't tell people what you like and what you don't like.

No, I mean does an interview like this with you as a sexual performer offend you?

No. But I'm not an exhibitionist. That's for sure. I'm not an exhibitionist.

Most of the girls in the films are?

Yes.

Do you do much nude modeling?

Not very often. I'm an oriental belly dancer. I work as a dancer.

Oh you do?

Yes. I've performed at Carnegie Hall in April already in concert.

Uh huh.

I've performed in different rock musicals. One rock musical, Paranola Pretty. I'm in a play right now called Round and Round, the Naked Round, you know.

Oh yes.

I do it on weekends. But I want to get into other things you know, the things with my clothes on. I'm really tired of taking off my clothes, with the jobs and stuff.

It's the curse of having a very good body.

Yeah.

It's really tough. I mean a lot of people go through this self same route. You know and they have many fewer attributes than you do.

I know but I . . .

Are you turned off generally by sex. You seem to be.

No, I'm not turned off. I'm just tired of the big stink about it already. It's like second nature to me. It's like you know taking a cup of coffee. It's like you don't want really to make a big thing about it because it's part of you already. Only when it's separate from you, when it's so far away from you that you have to talk about it so much. You're so attached to it because it's so far away from you. But if you have a happy sex life, there's no reason to go yak-yak-yak, talking about it all the time or hung up about it, if you're satisfied.

So many people don't. That's why the films have had such an impact in America.

I know, that's thanks to the government. They did that probably. The government messed them up.

No, I think that the people were beginning to get really loose and people were going to be able to go to porn films, you know. And a lot

of people are going to porn films. And all of a sudden, you know it became kind of dangerous. Maybe it will go back to being hip again. I think it is. I think it's just about to have kind of a resurgence.

Oh, I could have been a porno star but I didn't want to.

What went through your mind when the situation became such that you could become a porno star?

Because I wanted to be a big singer some day you know. Now I don't want to be a porno singer, you know hard core stuff and something. Because that's for my private sake. That's for me, that's for my personal business. If I show everything, my sexual everything, what do I have for my private life then? There's nothing, there's nothing hidden any more. There is nothing mysterious about me any more if you show everything already. I'm a very mysterious lady.

You are, yes.

And if I ever showed everything, that wouldn't be mysterious any more. I'd just be a big slut.

Do you think you would ever . . .

All those other girls in porn . . . what other talents do they have besides fucking and sucking? They don't. I'm a singer, I'm a dancer and actress. I don't have to be a porno star. See, those other girls don't have any talent.

That's true, that's quite true.

Probably if I wasn't that, I'd be a porno star maybe if I didn't have this. If I wasn't . . . if I didn't think I was going to be a great singer some day you know . . .

Uh huh. Just because somebody fucks and sucks on the screen doesn't mean they're talented. And it doesn't mean . . .

It generally means the exact opposite. You know you're right.

And it doesn't mean that they're good fuckers or suckers either just because they're on the screen because you don't know. They show that but that doesn't mean that they are really erotic.

The only films I've seen being made have been so anti-erotic that I wonder.

Did you see *The Healers? The Healers* was just about doctors. I think everything concerning the medical profession is boring, too. It's just about this doctor and a woman, the nurse, who cure people with orgasmic free flow. Like people come to the office with problems and the doctor and the nurse cure them with orgasmic free flow. It's kind of boring. You know that's the plot.

Yeah.

It's not mystical or you know like spiritual guidance. It's physical. This guy I'm living with, he's very hip into magic. He's going to be a magician some day.

Oh fantastic.

Very very great. He's a priest of magic. He's finding out all the secrets of the world and he may be able to write some some day.

Yes, maybe magic is the thing.

How does your exorcist feel about your making sex films? Or does he feel that it's just another gig, you know?

He doesn't care. What I want to do, I do. But I . . . I don't do screwing or giving head on the screen any more. I stopped that almost two years ago.

Yeah.

I haven't done hard core in so long. In *Not Just Another Woman,* you know, I was in a party scene there. But I didn't get laid or anything. Maybe I did a little sucking but you couldn't even see it. You didn't recognize me anyway. Anyhow, why can't I be in good film?

Well for one thing, most directors are assholes. I mean, if you tried pushing yourself.

I don't even know any people making non-sex movies. I don't know anybody. Sex, I have had it with that . . . I think it's terribly boring and passe. You know this big thing about sex.

There's so many people out there to liberate. There are so many people out there to open up.

Because I'm so . . . You know I'm so friggin liberated. I've been liberated so long like you know I'm tired of it already.

You're tired of being liberated?

No, I'm tired of everybody you know putting . . .

You're sick and tired of the fact that the country is behind you, is way behind you . . .

Way, way behind me, yes. I really want to get in to other things.

But see a lot of people are just so . . . You know they take so long to work out their hangups. The films are kind of helping them to work out their hangups. You know that's why I kind of believe in them. I believe the world needs Linda Lovelaces.

Maybe. I just think it's boring. •

THE DON IS STIFF

(Continued from page 50

finally comes into focus, she spies the fat, old man slouched in a chair, stark naked. He raises his hand and motions for her to approach. She strolls confidently towards him as if walking in a park on Sunday afternoon. She halts at his feet and drops to her knees. The ancient Don automatically parts his knees and the virgin dives mouth-first onto the old man's serving of soggy spaghetti and hanging meatballs. She uses her tongue as a fork and twirls the thick noodle around and about inside her mouth. Now the stringy, sex food, summons its starch and stiffens up. It grows from a tiny strand on her ongue to an overstuffed mouthful of hot sausage.

The girl licks and sucks at her stinking meal while clam sauce bubbles up from under the antique lid like a pressure cooker under too much stress.

The heat is too much for Guglio. The pot's top pops. Sticky sauce sprays over the roof of her mouth and not a single oozing drop escapes her famished tongue. His macaroni, cooked now, turns into a soft, squiggly, lifeless little white worm. The girl finishes her meal and, like a true gourmet, wipes her mouth on her forearm. Don Guglio collapses into a wheezing, formless fleshy blob, smothering the chair. His body gleams with sweat and the blubbery gut quivers as if about to give birth.

"Enough!" muttered Don in an exhausted voice. "Basta! It was good. I enjoy! But now I must rest a while."

The girl gets to her feet. She drapes her arms around his sweaty neck. She presses her rosy lips against the flubbery flesh of his mouth, darting her eager tongue into that garlicky cauldron. "Basta!" he cries, "enough!"

(Continued on page 62)

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THE DON IS STIFF

The redheaded harlot refuses to accept the bilingual protest. While she kisses him her right hand creeps down the hairy chest. It halts momentarily at his nipple to scratch and squeeze. Satisfied that he is becoming aroused, it continued on its inquisitive way across the massive stocach and down into the drenched pubis. Her fingers twirl his hairs into curly little knots. Her hands grope for his olives and she pulls up the loosely hanging sacs like a fisherman hauling in his full net. When finally the pulsing globes are withing her grasp, she kneads them with the tender, loving care an old country cook uses when preparing the Sunday meal.

Now the old hit man's piece once again cocks itself for action, loaded and ready to fire its liquid pellets. The girl straddles his knees, lines up his pistol with her wet, hot, eager, empty target. She drops down hard upon him and his steely rod shatters her taut tissue.

"My God, a virgin!" stutters the ecstatic Don. The old man twitches and quakes, like a patient in electro-shock. The stimulating results, however, are not thereapeutic! His chest pounds faster and faster until it resounds like a conga inside his head. The girl keeps plunging up and down on his lap, facial expression never changing. The frenzy in her hip action becomes apparant, as the old fool now pastes his molten mozzarella over the walls of her oven.

"No more!" he begs incoherantly, "No more!" The girl won't stop. She clutches his staff unyieldingly with her nether muscles, imprisoning him.

"It's not cooked yet, Sweetie!" she teases. Without disengaging their intimate junction, she spins around on his lap until her back is facing him. She holds the sickly, soft salami in place with her hand and begins thrusting her hips back and forth. She grinds her tail into his lap so hard that it chafes his loins. She feels the pork swell inside her. She feels him explode one last time. He screams, twitches, grabs his chest and collapses. He is boardlike. The girl ceases her churning.

* * *

Mario burst through the door and rushed to the Don's lifeless side. "What happened?" he asked, lifting one of the old man's blubbery eyelids. The eye was white, unmoving. The girl smiled and put her hand gently on Mario's elbow. "I have earned my bones, no, *sirnore*?"

Her beauty, her strength broke Mario. He stared at her slavishly, "Yes, you have . . . *Godmother*, yes you have. You are the Don now. I am 'your boy!'"

They sank to the floor as one. •

THE WHIZ KIDS FROM KANSAS
(Continued from page 21)

ago prove to me (and reaffirms it daily) that it is loaded with beautiful women!

When I mention this to someone from out of state, it's generally a stunner. I get these "Sure, guy . . ." smiles, and slams on the back and evil, raucous laughter. Nonbelievers. Some of their doubt would be dispelled if they would visit Kansas by auto sometime. Large signs, erected by the Kansas State Highway Department, greet incoming visitors on every major highway. The signs say:

WELCOME TO KANSAS
HOME OF BEAUTIFUL
WOMEN

These signs were largely a result of two Kansas lovelies—Miss Deborah Bryant, Overland Park and Miss Debra Barnes, Moran—winning the Miss America titles in 1966 and 1968.

If science has established why the sensational Kansas lasses are more shapely than their sisters from other parts of the country, they are keeping the explanation under wraps. (Is it the pure drinking water? Clean air? Low-key living?)

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But if the appearance of the Kansas maidens is breathtaking, their attitude is even more startling. Gone are the inhibitions of just five years ago—replaced frequently now by exhibitions. A case in point: Carla Brent, the super young lady who opens this article. Her life-style is a clear example of the prevailing attitude and activities of many Kansas girls. Cheri, as is obvious, enjoys nude modeling . . . but her exhibitive behavior extends beyond part-time modeling assignments for photographers and artists. She is a go-go dancer at a large Wichita club, dancing uninhibitedly in an ultra-brief costume that does little to hide her 22-year-old charms and which threatens to fracture Kansas indecency laws at any moment.

The Kansas climate is in the extreme—sweltering hot during the summer months and Arctic frigid in the winter—and this prohibits "location" shooting three or four months of the year. There are no beaches or mountains to add colorful background to glamour shooting. No ski slopes, in spite of the "Ski Kansas" posters and bumper stickers some sadistic wag has developed. But the state does have the most important element for glamour photography—*beautiful girls*! And they are available for posing at a fraction of the model fee a photographer pays in New York, Chicago, Miami or Los Angeles. If your interest tends toward the photography of pulchritude, believe it or not, Kansas could well be your Mecca! It's the "home of beautiful women." •

EARTHQUAKE MCPOON!
(Continued from page 52

creepy joker behind me. He was selling collar stays—nothing else. He held them in a grubby paw; hair hanging down from his chin kept them clean. He was the color of a football, and his face looked as if it had been kicked over the goalposts too many times.

"For the shirt," he said, "ten cents, cheap." His accent was so thick it had a stomach.

"No thanks, pal."

I wandered around looking for Earthquake. The creep kept following me, giving me his spiel.

(Continued on page 65)

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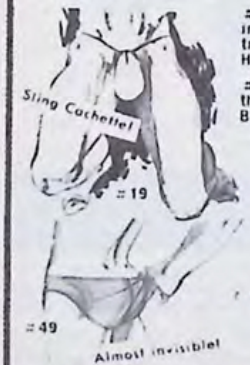

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That's all the English he seemed to know.

I must have covered every street in the maze, with this creep and his collar stays right beside me, before I finally found my way out of the bazaar with this guy right behind me. By then I was ready to kick his macaroni off. I headed down a street that I thought would take me to the bridge over the Golden Horn and into New Istanbul, where I was supposed to be living, cussing the missing Earthquake all the time. Collar Stays was right behind me; he wasn't saying a word now, which I thought was suspicious as hell. The street was more like an alley, and it was as dark as the inside of Earthquake's head. Five minutes later, rounding a corner, I nearly bumped into one of the human mules you see all over Old Istanbul; they have harnesses on their backs and they carry anything. The guy let loose a slug of Turkish four-letter words, it sounded like, and then, so help me, he put his head down and butted me. Not to be excluded, the creep salesman began to beat me on the noggin with his handful of collar stays. A couple more locals appeared out of shadows. They jumped me too, all yelling something that sounded like "zing-sang-zung as they beat on me. I roared a couple of times, brought knees, elbows, and knuckles into Marine-educated action, and then made a dash through the mob. Unfortunately, it was in the wrong direction. I bounced off Earthquake.

Aha! the mystery cleared. It was ol' Earthquake's doings all the time. He had arranged the corner frolics.

Right in there pitching, he grabbed me, too. For some reason—probably strange—he threw me way-y-y-y up. Then I started down. Guess where I landed? Right smack on Earthquake. He wasn't expecting me. I guess he thought he'd thrown me over the Golden Horn. I hit heel-first. I was wearing metal heel clips, too. Something crunched when they hit Earthquake's noggin. He went down without a tremor—quietest earthquake on record, I bet.

I took off and finally found my way back to Isik's apartment. The damn place was filled with tear gas.

What a weekend!

Holding my breath and closing my eyes, I went into the bedroom. There was Ulker, her noggin stuck out a window. I joined her there. We played Press-the-Ears.

Choking and crying, she mumbled something to me. She had to repeat it twice before I understood.

Earthquake had dropped a tear gas bomb down the bomb-drop toilet.

He must have done it between leaving me at The Great Covered Bazaar and meeting me during The Great Corner Folics. After all, he was a plumber in the warworks. He could get a bomb, he knew about plumbing.

Plunging both fists into what was left of my eyes, I ran into the toilet room. Sure enough, gas was pouring out of the hole in the floor. I started to sit on the hole, then gave the idea up. Slamming the toilet room door, I plunged back to Ulker. She was still rammed out the window. I rejoined her.

"You're right," I said.

She nodded, crying like a son-of-a-bitch.

We began to howl, ear to ear, tears gurgling down our cheeks. She stuck her hand in her bosom. It didn't frighten me a bit. She pulled out a letter and handed it to me. It was from Isik, addressed to me in care of Ulker. It said, in essence, that Isik had to stay another week in Ankara. He urged me to remain in his apartment until he got back. "Enjoy yourself," he wrote.

Sure.

"What did Isik say?" Ulker asked between her tears.

"He wants me to take care of you."

She signed and pressed her left ear closer to my right one. I did the same thing with my hip.

Ever made love leaning out a window?

Earthquake never did show. The cops got him, I found out later, and he was sentenced to six months in the pokey for beating up Collar Stays and friends.

The alarm clock? I lent it to Ulker. It goes off every hour on the two-hour during the night. She tells her mother that she has to make bi-hourly trips to my place to medicate my Tear Gasinitis.

Me? Back to where I was originally—waiting for the clock to go off. Naked. But not running now. •

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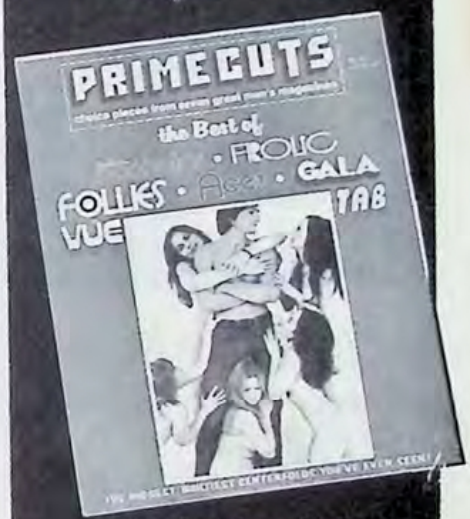

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Started in Scandanavia, the "EVERYTHING" DOLL has become the second most popular companion. Virtually everyone owned her. Now you can own her too.

COMES COMPLETE

The "EVERYTHING" DOLL comes to you complete, including batteries. SHE'S READY FOR ACTION!

COMPLETE IN EVERY DETAIL

- SOFT, SPONGY, DETAILED BREASTS
- A BODY SO LIFE-LIKE IT ACTUALLY WARMS TO THE TOUCH
- PERFECTLY PROPORTIONED
- ELECTRONIC FUNCTIONING FEMALE ORGANS

GUARANTEE

If the "EVERYTHING" DOLL is in any way not what you expected, a complete refund, in full, will be made. But, so far, nobody has returned a single doll. Most people, in fact, have purchased another one for a friend.

DOLLS UNLIMITED
6311 Yucca Street, Hollywood, California 90028

Dept. 9802

Please rush my ELECTRONIC "EVERYTHING" DOLL. I must be completely satisfied or my money will be refunded promptly.

☐ I enclose $_____ ☐ I enclose $_____ for 2 Dolls, 10% Discount

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

California Residents Add Sales Tax

LIFE SIZE - LIFE LIKE INSTANT ACTION

ELECTRONIC

PLAY-GIRL

SO ROUND SO FIRM SO FLEXIBLE

CAN I BE YOUR PLAYMATE?

4 MODELS TO CHOOSE FROM

OPEN MOUTH (AIR POWERED)

NEW! EXTRA LARGE HUMAN-LIKE BUST FEMALE FEATURES

The **ONLY** doll in the world with electronic-type action mouth, molded breasts, and **ALL** female parts.

4 new designs — LIFE-LIKE IN EVERY DETAIL!

ONLY **$19.95** DELUXE MODEL

FIRST TIME IN AMERICA

That's right!!! Marilyn is the **ONLY** human-like **ACTION DOLL** available in America. Her success in Europe has been so overwhelming, that we've brought Marilyn to America. Let her American, Greek and French life-like reproduction female qualities astound you as they have others.

FEATURES

- FLESH LIKE VINYL BODY
- DEEP THROAT ACTION OPEN MOUTH
- ALL FEMALE PARTS BUILT IN
- NEW! EXTRA LARGE SPONGY DETAILED BREASTS
- LIFE LIKE IN EVERY DETAIL
- MOUTH POWERED BY AIR SUCTION
- HUMAN-LIKE ACTION
- FRENCH & GREEK DESIGN
- ELECTRONIC BATTERY POWERED

BUILT IN FEATURES

All of Marilyn's female components are built right into her body. Her breasts are human-like in **EVERY** detail, both in texture and structure, right down to the finest point. This is an exclusive feature that is **ONLY** available on the Marilyn doll. Her open mouth is an achievement in design. The human-like action, tight-flexible cheeks inside her mouth, work on the principle of air suction. Just squeeze the back of her head gently, and watch her pulsating mouth come to life. Her mouth is precise enough to grasp a pencil. Marilyn comes with all the female parts you expect. Even **THESE** parts were designed to act as human-like as possible. Her well rounded hips and legs are soft and flexible. You can make Marilyn thin, you can make her shapely, you can make her pleasingly plump, in fact Tiger, you can make her **ANY** way you desire.

RATED XXX

comes complete with all feminine parts.

MAKES ALL OTHER DOLLS OBSOLETE.

Why settle for less? Now you can own the ORIGINAL Marilyn Doll

CHOOSE FROM 4 MODELS

Deluxe
French
Greek
Electronic

THE ONLY ACTION DOLL

Don't confuse Marilyn with toy like dolls being sold on the market. Marilyn is **NOT** a toy. She was designed for the **ACTION MINDED** man. Imagine coming home to your own 21st Century play-girl always ready for action.

DRESS HER UP

Dress her up in lingerie, bathing suit, dainty underclothes, tight fitting sheek dresses, pant outfits, mini skirts or leather. Her well rounded legs can wear any style boots or shoes, nylons or hose. Think of the fun you'll have dressing Marilyn the way **YOU** feel a woman should dress. And best of all, Marilyn knows how to show her appreciation. Order now, while she is still available at this extremely low price, or before she becomes a collectors item.

The only doll in the world with action open mouth, moulded breasts, and **all** female parts.

(Marilyn sold as an adult novelty only)

(Marilyn designed from above drawings)

ATHENS ELECTRONIC IMPORTS
BOX 5000, DEPT. *DH-195*
NORTHRIDGE, CALIF. 91324

GENTLEMEN: Please rush Marilyn to me on a 10 day free trial. I understand she comes complete with all female built in features. I must be 100% satisfied or my money will be refunded.

☐ A — DELUXE MODEL — I enclose $19.95 + .95¢ p.p. Send Marilyn complete with all female built in parts.

☐ B — CUSTOM MODEL — I enclose $29.95 + .95¢ p.p. Send Marilyn complete with **ALL** built in female parts plus DEEP THROAT action open mouth and other built in surprise features.

☐ C — CUSTOM GREEK MODEL — I enclose $39.95 + 95¢ p.p. Send Marilyn same as model B above PLUS EXTRA LARGE BUST and added Greek features.

☐ D — PROFESSIONAL ELECTRONIC MODEL — I enclose $49.95 + .95¢ p.p. Send Marilyn same as model C, open mouth, extra large breasts, Greek features, PLUS battery powered electronic action.

☐ Send Bikini set — $2.00 enclosed.

☐ Please rush, I enclose $1.00 extra.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Calif. Residents Add 6% Sales Tax

How to Make Money Fast!

Financial Columnist Makes Startling Discovery!

My name is Alan Feinstein. I write a syndicated newspaper column on ways to make money.

I'm forever examining all kinds of so-called money-making opportunities. Most of them turn out to be gimmicks. Or lots of hard work.

Then, out of the blue – a bombshell! Something so different, so outstanding I could hardly believe it was true.

I just had to put up $1,000 to try it for myself. The next morning my $1,000 was worth $1,500.* That's 50% gain on my money. *Overnight!*

"Damn it, you can't make money this easily," I told myself. "There has to be a catch." And I threw myself into a study to find it.

But the more I studied, the more excited I got. Why, this was *just the beginning!* Oh, what an opportunity I'd found . . . *A fantastic easy way to make money . . . From just a few minutes a week, without even leaving your home . . .*

But don't take my word for it. I want you to see this for yourself–*without your risking a penny . . .*

Here's what I've done:

- I've laid out exactly what this is and how to profit from it–right now!
- I've gotten coupons (worth $54.00) which will bring you *everything* you need to make this discovery work *automatically* for you.
- I've put this together into a simple 24 page Guide. So easy to read and understand . . . you can finish it in 20 minutes and put it right to use!

And I mean "right to use." If it's long learning or hard work you want, this isn't it. There's no study or sweat here–all you have to do is let This Work For You! And, remember, everything you need is *right here in this Guide!*

I know it's hard to believe. It was for me, too. And that's why I want you to see it and examine it, free, for yourself.

The cost of this amazing Guide, including all the coupons, is $12.95. But, as a special pre-publication offer it is now only $9.95. And, as I said, you don't risk a single penny to get this, to see its value for yourself! You have this iron-clad, money-back guarantee:

The Treasure Chest

of Outstanding Opportunities

by Alan Shawn Feinstein

If you don't find this to reveal the most unique and worthwhile opportunity *you've ever* seen, you may return it, at any time for an immediate full refund. That's right, *at any time*–absolutely guaranteed.

That's how valuable I'm sure you'll find it.

I wish I could show you the letters people are already writing me about this . . . And I'm not asking you to buy this–just to see it, at *my* risk. If you don't find it totally different from anything you've ever seen . . . more valuable than anything you've ever read–simply return it and it hasn't cost you a penny . . .

Now, could I ever make such an offer unless I knew how valuable this was? . . . Unless I knew that most people, after seeing this, wouldn't part with it for anything . . .

Don't take my word for it. See for yourself!

But act *now.* I don't know how long this free examination offer can last. I've promised that if the number of readers of this Guide ever reach a point where they may start diluting its value, I'll immediately end these free examinations of it on the spot. *Don't let this pass you by.*

A wise man once said: "There is so little that's really new and worthwhile in the world that if you do find something, don't let it get away."

The opportunity is here. Now. To see and judge for yourself. Without your risking a penny.

Mail this coupon below today.

Sincerely yours,

Alan Shawn Feinstein

*P.S. In just three weeks it's up to $2,900.

(Proof with order)

Sworn Statement:

"As the registered representative who handled this transaction I verify the above in every respect."

(Name and address given in order)

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

Alan Shawn Feinstein
380 MADISON AVE., DEPT. L RO1
NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10017

Alan, this I have to see for myself. Please send me a copy of *How to Make Money Fast* (Without Working), which includes complete proof of your claims, at the special pre-publication price of only $9.95.

If I don't find this to be everything you say, and more, I understand I can return it to you – at any time – for a full and immediate refund. On that basis, here is my check for $9.95.

For fast first class shipment add only 50¢ and check here. ☐

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Alan Shawn Feinstein's column, *The Treasure Chest*, is syndicated in several newspapers. His last book, "Making Your Money Grow," received wide acclaim. He has also written several books on his travels to other lands and is listed in "Who's Who in the East."